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"A VIKING BOLD."

HISTORICAL SERIES—BOOK IV PART I

STORIES
OF THE OLDEN TIME

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
BY JAMES JOHONNOT



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PREFACE.

WHEN we go back to the early history of any people, we find that fact and fiction are strangely blended, and that the stories told are largely made up of traditions distorted and exaggerated by imagination and time. The myth, however, is valuable as representing the first steps of a nation in the evolution of its literature from a barbaric state, and as indicating special national characteristics.

The myths of Greece, for example, are chiefly derived from the traditions extant when the alphabet was invented, and are preserved in the poetic stories of Homer and Virgil. Combined, they make that mythology which grew up in Greece, and which now so largely permeates the literature of every civilized language.

The first stories given in this book are myths. They stand first in the order of precedence because they stand first in the order of time.

The myths are followed by a few parables and fables, forms of stories which from the earliest times have been used to apply some well-established principle of morals to practical conduct.

Next follow legends, where we are called upon to separate the probable from the improbable, the true from the false. Herodotus, the father of history, wrote his account of the "Persian Empire" several hundred years

after the events took place which he has recorded. The stories had been preserved to his day by tradition.

In the traditional stories and in the truer records which follow, the pupil will see the play of the same emotions and passions which actuate men at the present time, and the careers of the great conquerors, Frederic and Napoleon, differ little essentially from those of Alexander and Cæsar. Tyranny remains the same forever, encroaching upon human liberty and limiting the field of human conduct. It will be seen also that from the state of barbarism there has been a gradual evolution which more and more places men under the protection of equal laws.

These books are to be used mainly for the stories they contain. By a simple reproduction in speech or in writing, we have the best possible language lesson. The value of the books may be entirely lost by catechisms which demand the literal reproduction of the text.

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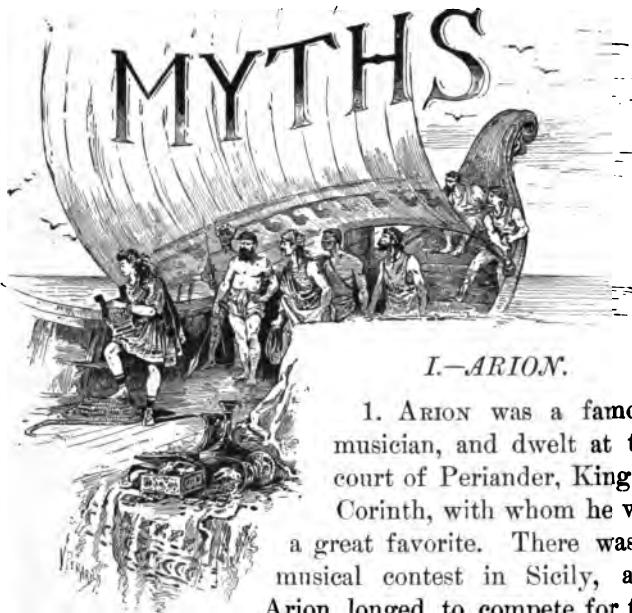
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I.—ARION.

1. ARION was a famous musician, and dwelt at the court of Periander, King of Corinth, with whom he was a great favorite. There was a musical contest in Sicily, and Arion longed to compete for the prize. He told his wish to Periander, who besought him like a brother to give up the thought. "Pray stay with me," he said, "and be contented. He who strives to win may lose." Arion answered: "A wandering life best suits the free heart of a poet. A talent which a god bestowed upon me I would fain make a source of pleasure to others; and if I win the prize, how will the enjoyment of it be increased by the consciousness of my wide-spread fame!"

2. He went, won the prize, and embarked with his wealth in a Corinthian vessel for home. On the second morning after setting sail, the wind breathed mild and fair. "O Periander!" he exclaimed, "dismiss your fears. Soon shall you forget them in my embrace. With what lavish offerings will we display our gratitude to the

gods, and how merry will we be at the festal board!" The wind and sea continued favorable, not a cloud dimmed the firmament. He had not trusted too much to the ocean, but to man he had. He overheard the seamen plotting to get possession of his treasure. Presently they surrounded him, loud and mutinous, and said: "Arion, you must die! If you would have a grave on the shore, yield yourself to die on this spot; but if otherwise, cast yourself into the sea."

3. "Will nothing satisfy you but my life?" said he; "take my gold in welcome. I willingly buy my life at that price." "No, no; we can not spare you. Your life would be too dangerous to us. Where could we go to escape Periander if he should know that you had been robbed by us? Your gold would be of little use to us, if, on returning home, we could never more be free from fear." "Grant me, then," said he, "a last request, since naught will prevail to save my life, that I may die as I have lived, as becomes a bard. When I shall have sung my death-song, and my harp-strings cease to vibrate, then I will bid farewell to life, and yield to my fate." This prayer, like the others, would have been unheeded—they thought only of their booty—but to hear so famous a musician moved their hearts. "Suffer me," he added, "to arrange my dress. Apollo will not favor me unless I am clad in my minstrel garb."

4. He clothed himself in gold and purple, fair to see, his tunic fell around him in graceful folds, jewels adorned his arms, his brow was crowned with a golden wreath, and over his neck and shoulders flowed his hair, perfumed with odors. His left hand held the lyre, his right the ivory wand with which he struck the chords. Like one inspired he seemed to drink the morning air and glitter in the morning ray. The seamen gazed in admiration.

He strode forward to the vessel's side, and looked down into the blue sea.

5. Addressing his lyre, he sang: "Companion of my voice, come with me to the realm of shades! Though Cerberus may growl, we know the power of song can tame his rage. Ye heroes of Elysium, who have passed the darkling flood—ye happy souls, soon shall I join your band. Yet can ye relieve my grief? Alas! I leave my friend behind me. Thou, who didst find thy Eurydice, and lose her again as soon as found, when she had vanished like a dream, how thou didst hate the cheerful light! I must away, but I will not fear. The gods look down upon us. Ye who slay me unoffending, when I am no more your time of trembling shall come! Ye Nereids, receive your guest, who throws himself upon your mercy!" So saying, he sprang into the deep sea. The waves covered him, and the seamen held their way, fancying themselves safe from all danger of detection.

6. But the strains of his music had drawn around him the inhabitants of the deep to listen, and dolphins followed the ship as if charmed by a spell. While he struggled in the waves a dolphin offered him its back, and carried him mounted thereon safe to shore. At the spot where he landed, a monument of brass was afterward erected upon the rocky shore to preserve the memory of the event.

7. When Arion and the dolphin parted, each returning to his own element, Arion thus poured forth his thanks: "Farewell, thou faithful, friendly fish! Would that I could reward thee! but thou canst not wend with me, nor I with thee; companionship we may not have. May Galatea, queen of the deep, accord thee her favor, and thou, proud of the burden, draw her chariot over the smooth mirror of the deep!"



Arion and the Dolphin.

8. Arion hastened from the shore, and soon saw before him the towers of Corinth. He journeyed on, harp in hand, singing as he went, full of love and happiness, forgetting his losses, and mindful only of what remained, his friend and his lyre. He entered the hospitable halls, and was soon clasped in the embrace of Periander. "I come back to thee, my friend," he said. "The talent which a god bestowed has been the delight of thousands, but false knaves have stripped me of my well-earned treasure." Then he told all the wonderful events that had befallen him. Periander, who heard him in amazement, said: "Shall such wickedness triumph? Then in vain is power lodged in my hands. That we may discover the criminals you must lie here concealed, so that they come without suspicion."

9. When the ship arrived in the harbor, he summoned the mariners before him. "Have you heard anything of Arion?" he inquired. "I anxiously look for his return." They replied, "We left him well and prosperous in Tarentum." As they said these words, Arion stepped forth and faced them. He was clad in all his glory as when he leaped into the sea. They fell prostrate at his feet, as if a lightning-bolt had struck them. "We meant to murder him, and he has become a god! O earth, open and receive us!" Then Periander spoke: "He lives, the master of the lay! kind Heaven protects the poet's life. As for you, I invoke not the spirit of vengeance; Arion wishes not your blood. Ye slaves of avarice, begone! Seek some barbarous land, and never may aught beautiful delight your souls!"

II.—ARACHNE.

1. In the old mythology it was considered a great sin for any mortal to enter into a contest with a god, and whenever one did so he incurred a fearful penalty. The maiden Arachne early showed marvelous skill in embroidery and all kinds of needle-work. So beautiful were her designs that the nymphs themselves would leave their groves and fountains, and come and gaze delighted upon her work. It was not only beautiful when it was done, but was beautiful in the doing. As they watched the delicate touch of her fingers they declared that the goddess Minerva must have been her teacher. This Arachne denied, and, grown very vain of her many compliments, she said: "Let Minerva try her skill with mine, and if beaten I will pay the penalty!"

2. Minerva heard this, and was greatly displeased at the vanity and presumption of the maiden. Assuming the form of an old woman she went to Arachne and gave her some friendly advice. "I have much experience," she said, "and I hope you will not despise my counsel. Challenge mortals as much as you like, but do not try and compete with a goddess!" Arachne stopped her spinning, and angrily replied: "keep your counsel for your daughters and handmaids; for my part, I know what I say, and I stand to it. I am not afraid of the goddess."

3. Minerva then dropped her disguise, and stood before the company in her proper person. The nymphs at once paid her homage. Arachne alone had no fear. She stood by her resolve, and the contest proceeded. Each took her station, and attached the web to the beam. Both worked with speed; their skillful hands moved rapidly, and the excitement of the contest made the labor light.



4. Minerva wrought into her web the scene of her contest with Neptune. The

gods are all represented in their most august forms, and the picture is noble in its perfect simplicity and chaste beauty. In the four corners she wrought scenes where mortals entered into contest with gods and were punished for their presumption. These were meant as warnings to her rival to give up the contest before it was too late.

5. Arachne filled her web with subjects designedly chosen to exhibit the failings and errors of the gods. Every story to their discredit she appears to have treasured up. The last scene she represented was that of Jupiter in the form of a bull carrying off Europa across the sea, leaving the heart-broken mother to wander in search of her child until she died.

6. Minerva examined the work of her rival, and doubly angry at the presumption and the sacrilege manifested in her choice of subjects, struck her web with a shuttle and tore it from the loom. She then touched the forehead of Arachne and made her feel her guilt and shame. This she could not endure, and went out and hanged herself. Minerva pitied her, as she saw her hanging by a rope. "Live, guilty woman," said she; "and that you may preserve the memory of this lesson, continue to hang, you and your descendants, to all future times." She sprinkled her with the juice of aconite, and immediately her form shrunk up, her head grew small, and her fingers grew to her sides and served as legs. All the rest of her is body, out of which she spins her thread, often hanging suspended by it in the same attitude as when Minerva touched her and transformed her into a spider.



III.—POLYPHEMUS.

1. WHEN Troy was captured, Ulysses, the King of Ithaca, set sail for his native country. With favorable winds he should have reached home in a few months, but he met with so many adventures that it was ten years before he saw the shores of his beloved Ithaca. At one time he and his companions landed upon an unknown shore in search of food. Ulysses took with him a jar of wine as a present should he meet with any inhabitants. Presently they came to a large cave, and entered it. There they found lambs and kids in their pens, and a table spread with cheese, fruits, and bowls of milk. But soon the master of the cave, Polyphemus, returned, and Ulysses saw that they were in the land of the Cyclops, a race of immense giants. The name means "round eye," and these giants were so called because they had but one eye, and that was placed in the middle of the forehead.

2. Polyphemus drove into the cave the sheep and the goats to be milked, and then placed a huge rock at the mouth of the cave to serve as a door. While attending to his supper he chanced to spy the Greeks, who were hidden in one corner. He growled out to them, demanding to know who they were, and where from. Ulysses replied, stating that they were returning from the siege of Troy, and that they had landed in search of provisions. At this Polyphemus gave no answer, but seizing a couple of Greeks, he killed and ate them up on the spot. He then went to sleep, and his snoring sounded like thunder in the ears of the terrified Greeks all the livelong night. In the morning the giant arose, ate two more men, and went out with his flocks, having carefully secured the door so that the remainder could not get away.

3. Then Ulysses contrived a plan to punish the giant,

and get away from his clutches. He found a great bar of wood which the giant had cut for a staff. This his men sharpened at one end and hardened at the fire. Then a number were selected to use it, and they awaited events. In the evening Polyphemus returned, and having eaten his two men he lay down to sleep. But Ulysses presented him with some of the wine from the jar which the giant eagerly drank, and called for more. In a short time he was quite drunk, and then he asked Ulysses his name, and he replied: "My name is Noman."



Polyphemus.

4. When the giant was fairly asleep, the sailors seized the sharpened stick, and, aiming it directly at his single eye, they rushed forward with all their might. The eye was put out, and the giant was left blind. He felt around the cave trying to catch his tormentors, but they contrived to get out of his way. He then howled so loud

that his neighbors came to see what was the matter, when he said, "I am hurt, Noman did it!" Then they said, "If no man did it, we can not help you." So they went home, leaving him groaning.

5. In the morning Polyphemus rolled away the stone to let out his sheep and goats, and the Greeks contrived to get out with them without being discovered. Once out, they lost no time in driving the flocks down to the shore, and then with their vessels well provisioned they set sail once more for their native land.

IV.—ULYSSES'S RETURN.

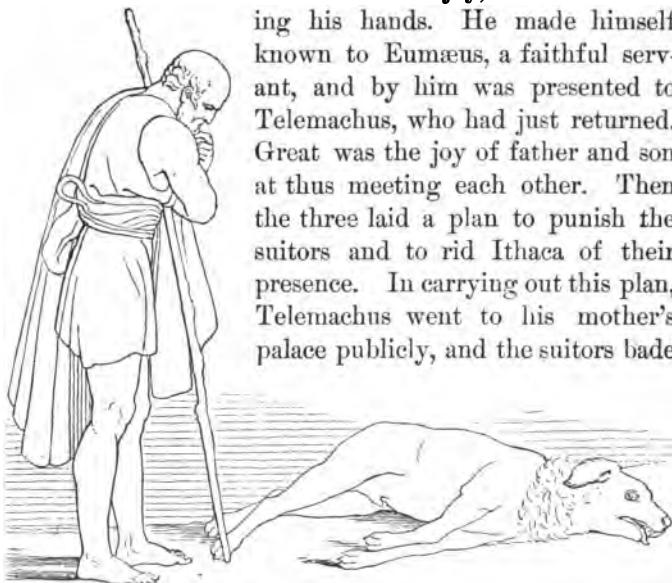
1. ULYSSES, the lord of Ithaca, went to assist the Greeks in the siege of Troy. For ten long years the war lasted, and when Troy fell, Ulysses was ten more years in reaching his home. He met with so many accidents and adventures that delayed him, that even his stout heart almost gave out as he thought of the wife and children waiting for him through all these weary years. In the mean time his son Telemachus had grown to manhood, and had gone in search of his father.

2. During all this time his wife, Queen Penelope, never lost hope, but lived daily looking for her husband to come sailing over the sea. But while the master was away, more than a hundred young lords laid claim to the hand of Penelope, so as to obtain the power and riches of Ulysses. They lorded it over the palace and people as if they were the owners of both, and they paid no attention to the wishes of Penelope, as she was but a woman, and could not protect herself. Her only safety lay in

the fact that the suitors were jealous of each other, and no one could make any advance until Penelope had made her selection.

3. At last Ulysses returned in the disguise of a beggar. No one knew him except his old dog Argus, who,

in his excess of joy, died while licking his hands. He made himself known to Eumæus, a faithful servant, and by him was presented to Telemachus, who had just returned. Great was the joy of father and son at thus meeting each other. Then the three laid a plan to punish the suitors and to rid Ithaca of their presence. In carrying out this plan, Telemachus went to his mother's palace publicly, and the suitors bade



Ulysses and his Dog.

him welcome, though they secretly hated him, and had tried to take his life. Here he found feasting going on, and, at his request, the supposed beggar was admitted to the foot of the table.

4. Penelope had put off her decision on various pretexts until now, when there appeared no other reason for delay. So she announced that she would accept the one who would shoot an arrow through twelve rings arranged in a line. A bow formerly used by Ulysses was brought

in and all other arms removed. All things being ready, the first thing to be done was to attach the string to the bow, which required the bow to be bent. Telemachus tried and failed. Then each of the suitors tried in turn, and all failed. They even rubbed the bow with tallow, but it would not bend.

5. Here Ulysses spoke and said: "Beggar as I am, I once was a soldier, and there is some strength in these old limbs of mine yet. Let me try." The suitors hooted at him, and would have turned him out of the hall; but Telemachus said it was best to gratify the old man, and so put the bow in his hand. Ulysses took it and easily adjusted the cord. Then he selected an arrow and sent



Penelope and Ulysses's Bow.

it through the twelve rings at the first shot. Before the suitors recovered from their astonishment he sent another through the heart of the most insolent of them. Telemachus, Eumæus, and another faithful servant sprang to their aid. The suitors looked around for arms, but there

were none. Ulysses did not let them remain long in doubt ; he announced himself as the long-lost chief whose house they had invaded, whose substance they had squandered, and whose wife and son they had persecuted for ten long years, and told them he meant to have ample vengeance. All the suitors were slain but two, and Ulysses was left master of his own palace and the possessor of his kingdom and wife.

V.—THOR'S VISIT TO JOTUNHEIM.

1. THOR, the god of the Northmen, who always carried a hammer to make his way or obtain his wishes, heard of the giant's country, Jotunheim, of which Utgard was the capital, and he resolved on a visit to that region to try his strength with any one whom he might find. So, accompanied by his servants, Thiofli and Loki, he set out. Thiofli was of all men the swiftest on foot. At nightfall they took refuge from a storm in a very large building which they imperfectly saw in the dim light, but were kept awake by loud thunder which shook their abode like an earthquake. In the morning it was found that the thunder was the snoring of a huge giant sleeping near by, and that the building in which they had taken shelter was the giant's glove.

2. The giant, whose name was Skrymer, knew Thor, and proposed that they should travel together, to which the god consented. At night they encamped, and soon the giant was asleep. Thor, finding that he could not untie the provision-bag which the giant had carried all day, went into a rage and struck the sleeper a mighty

blow with his hammer. Skrymer awoke and said, "The leaves are falling, for one just now fell upon my breast." They lay down again, and soon the giant began to snore so loud that Thor could get no sleep, so he grasped the hammer in both hands and dealt him another blow. Skrymer awoke and called out, "How fares it with thee, Thor? A bird must be overhead—a bunch of moss has just now fallen upon me." Just before daylight Thor thought that he would end this matter then, so he seized his hammer and threw it with all his might. Skrymer awoke, and stroking his cheek said, "An acorn fell upon my head. But let us be stirring, as we have a long day before us."

3. When within sight of the city Skrymer turned off, as his route lay in another direction, and soon Thor and his companions were in presence of the giant king. Addressing Thor, the king asked if he or his companions could do anything better than others, for he said that no one was permitted to remain in the city unless he excelled in something.

4. Loki, who was a great eater, proposed a feast, and the king called Logi to come out and compete with him. A trough filled with meat was placed in the midst of the hall, and Loki beginning at one end soon ate all the flesh to the middle of the trough; but it was found that Logi had devoured both flesh and bones and the trough to boot. So the company adjudged Loki vanquished.

5. Next Thiolfi presented himself to run a race, and the king brought out a young man named Hugi to run with him. Hugi ran over the course and turning back met Thiolfi but just started. Then the king remarked that if Thor could not do better than his servants, it were well that he stay at home. Then a drinking-match was proposed, and a drinking-horn was brought in. It was not very large, but was of great length, and the king

remarked that any one of his subjects ought to empty it at a single draught, but none would fail to do so in three draughts. Thor drank long and deep, but the horn was as full as before; a second trial met with a similar failure. Then Thor straightened himself for a mighty effort and drank as the thirsty earth drinks of the rains from heaven. The liquor was diminished, but still the horn was nearly full. "I perceive," said the king, "that thou canst not be very thirsty, or thou wouldest drink more."

6. "What new trial do you propose?" said Thor. "We have a trifling game here," said the king, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in merely lifting my cat from the ground, and I should not have mentioned it to the great Thor if I had not observed that thou art by no means what we took thee for." As he finished speaking, a large gray cat sprang into the hall. Thor put forth all his mighty strength three times without lifting her, though on the third trial one foot was raised from the floor.

7. "Well," said the king, "only one trial remains for thee. Thou must wrestle with somebody, and after thy failures to-day none of our men will wrestle with thee." So saying, the king called upon his old nurse, a toothless crone, shaking and trembling on the edge of the grave. Thor grasped her and put forth a mighty effort, but the old woman stood fast. At last she grasped him in turn, and he was thrown upon his knee. The king here interfered, and the contests came to an end. The travelers, however, were royally entertained, and after a good night's rest, and a bountiful breakfast, they bade the king good-by, and set out on their return.

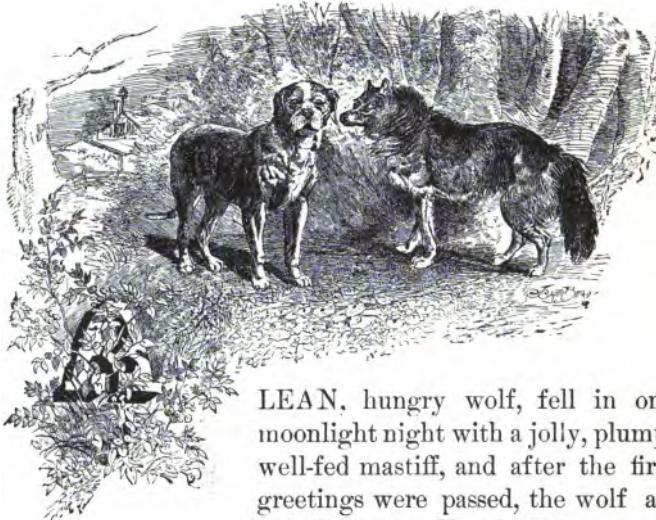
8. Toward night they overtook a traveler, who proved to be Skrymer, their former companion and guide, and

they encamped together in the very wood where they passed their first night together. The giant, perceiving the dejected looks of Thor, said, "Something appears to trouble thee; has thy journey gone amiss?" Thereupon Thor related the whole story of his failures. "Then," said the giant, "take heart, for thou hast performed great wonders, but hast been the victim of delusions. Observe me closely!" Thor looked, and saw that Skrymer and the king were one and the same person.

9. "Now," said the king, "Loki devoured all that was set before him, but Logi was Fire, and consumed trough and all. Hugi, with whom Thiolfi was running, was Thought, and not the swiftest runner can keep pace with that. The horn that thou failedst to empty had its lower end in the sea, and thou wilt see how the very ocean is lowered by thy draught. The cat is the animal that bears up the world, and thy last mighty effort caused the solid earth to shake as with an earthquake. The old woman with whom thou wrestledst was old age, and she throws everybody." The king then pointed out the place where Thor dealt his blows on the night of their first meeting, and lo! three mighty chasms showed where the solid mountains had been rent asunder.

PARABLES AND FABLES.

VI.—THE WOLF AND THE DOG.



LEAN, hungry wolf, fell in one moonlight night with a jolly, plump, well-fed mastiff, and after the first greetings were passed, the wolf accosted him: "You look extremely well," said he, "I think I never saw a more graceful, comely personage; but how comes it about, I beseech you, that you should live so much better than I? I may say, without vanity, that I venture fifty times more than you do, and yet I am almost ready to perish with hunger." The dog answered very bluntly: "Why, you

may live as well as I if you will do the same services for it." The wolf pricked up his ears at the proposal, and requested to be informed what he must do to earn such plentiful meals. "Very little," answered the dog; "only to guard the house at night, and keep it from thieves and beggars." "With all my heart," rejoined the wolf, "for at present I have but a sorry time of it; and, I think, to change my hard lodging in the woods, where I endure rain, frost, and snow, for a warm roof over my head and plenty of food, will be no bad bargain." "True," said the dog, "therefore, you have nothing more to do than to follow me."

2. As they were jogging along together, the wolf spied a circle, worn round his friend's neck, and, being almost as curious as some of a higher species, he could not forbear asking what it meant. "Pooh! nothing," said the dog, "or at most a mere trifle." "Nay, but pray," urged the wolf, "inform me." "Why, then," said the dog, "perhaps it is the collar to which my chain is fastened; for I am sometimes tied up in the day-time, because I am a little fierce, and might bite people, and am only let loose at night. But this is done with design to make me sleep in the day, more than anything else, that I may watch the better in the night-time. As soon as the twilight appears, I am turned loose, and may go where I please. Then my master brings me plates of bones from the table with his own hands; and whatever scraps are left by the family fall to my share, for you must know I am a favorite with everybody. So, seeing how you are to live, come along! Why, what is the matter with you?" "I beg your pardon," replied the wolf, "but you may keep your happiness to yourself. I am resolved to have no share in your dinners. Half a meal, with liberty, is, in my estimation, worth a full one without it."

VII.—PARABLE OF THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.

1. For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard.

2. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

3. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market-place,

4. And said unto them; go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way.

5. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.

6. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle?

7. They say unto him, because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

8. So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, call the laborers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

9. And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

10. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

11. And when they had received it, they murmured against the good man of the house,

12. Saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.



13. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?

14. Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.

15. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good?

16. So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen.

(*St. Matthew, xx. 1-16.*)

VIII.—PARABLE OF THE SOWER AND THE SEED.

1. THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

2. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

3. And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

4. And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way-side, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

5. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

6. And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

7. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

8. But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some a hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold.

9. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

10. And the disciples came, and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables?

11. He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.



A Sower went forth to Sow.

12. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.

13. Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.

(*St. Matthew xiii, 1-18.*)



IX.—PAIRING-TIME ANTICIPATED.

1. I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse,—at least in fable;
And even the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.
2. It chanced then on a winter's day,
But warm and bright and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet Saint Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
3. At length a bull-finck, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak
A moment's liberty to speak,
And silence publicly enjoined,

Briefly delivered thus his mind :
 “ My friends ! be cautious how ye treat
 The subject upon which we meet ;
 I fear we shall have winter yet.”

4. A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
 With golden wings and satin poll,
 A last year’s bird, who ne’er had tried
 What marriage means, thus pert, replied :
 “ Methinks the gentleman,” quoth she,
 “ Opposite in the apple-tree,
 By his good will, would keep us single
 ’Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
 Or, what is likelier to befall,
 ’Till death exterminate us all.
 I marry without more ado !
 My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ? ”
5. Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
 Turning short round, strutting and sidling,
 Attested glad his approbation
 Of an immediate conjugation.
 Their sentiments so well expressed,
 Mightily influenced all the rest.
 All paired and each pair built a nest.
6. But though the birds were thus in haste,
 The leaves came out not quite so fast,
 And destiny, that sometimes bears
 An aspect stern on men’s affairs,
 Not altogether smiled on their’s.
 The wind of late breathed gently forth,
 Now shifted east and east by north.
 Bare trees and shrubs, but ill, you know,
 Could shelter them from rain or snow.



7. Stepping into their nests they paddled ;
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled ;
Soon every father bird and mother,
Grew quarrelsome and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret—
Except that they had ever met—
And learned in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

8. Moral :

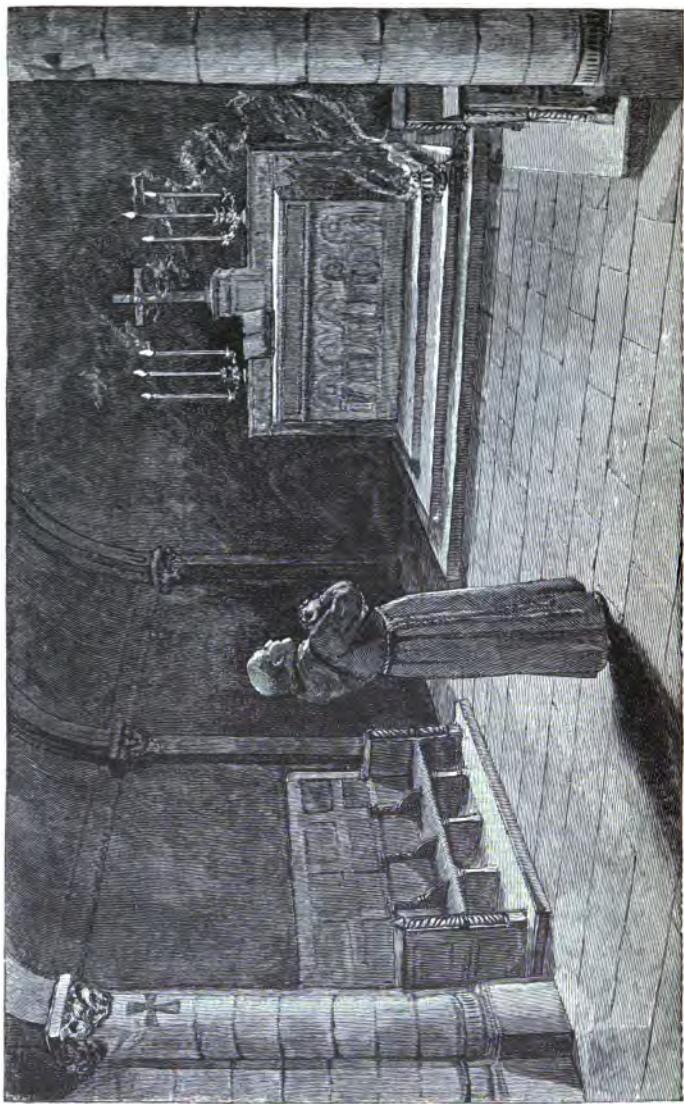
Misses, the tale that I relate,
This moral seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

Cowper.

LEGENDS.

X.—THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

1. TRITEMIUS, of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.
2. Thereat the abbot paused ; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.
3. She cried, “ For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor’s galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis ! ” “ What I can
“ I give,” Tritemius said : “ my prayers.” “ O man
Of God,” she cried, for grief had made her bold,
“ Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold.



The gift of Tritonius.

Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice ;
Even while I speak, perchance, my first-born dies."

4. "Woman," Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed ; hence are we always poor ;
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers ; what can we give thee more ?"
5. "Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix ;
God may well spare them on his errands sped,
Or he can give you golden ones instead."
6. Then spake Tritemius : "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon his altar piled !)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."
7. But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms ;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed.
8. So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

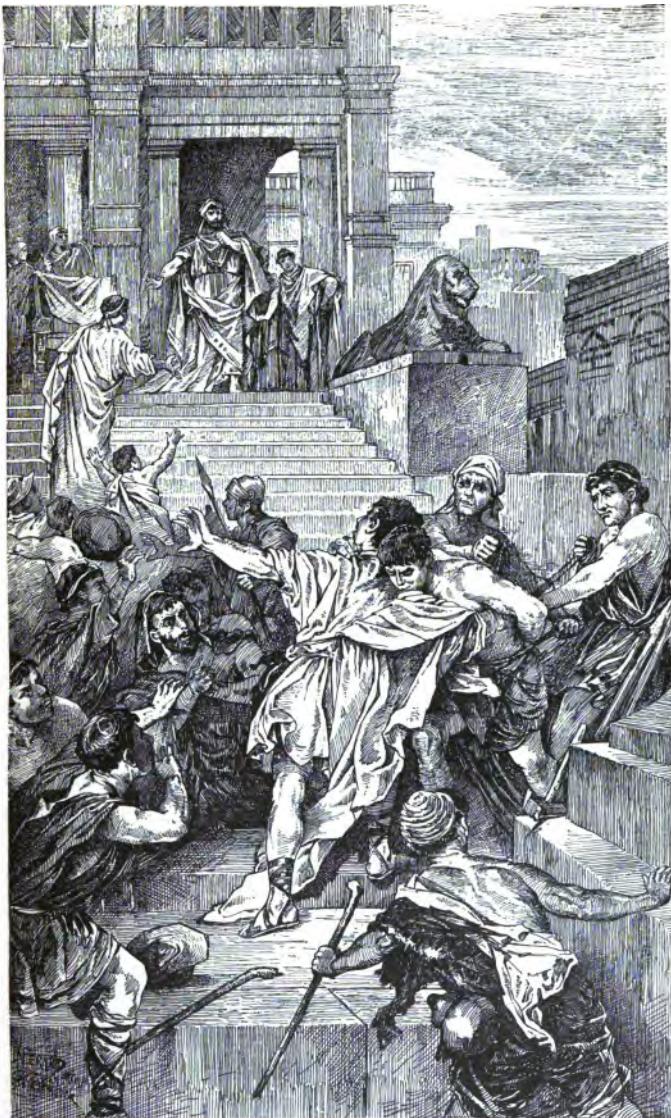
Whittier.



XI.—DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

1. ABOUT four hundred years before the Christian era, the government of Syracuse fell into the hands of Dionysius, a successful general of the army. He dispossessed the magistrates whom the people elected, and was therefore a usurper. While ruling justly in the main, he had a capricious temper, and often in his rage performed actions which he sincerely regretted in his sober moments. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music, but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horse-hair! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived.

2. Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; and by-and-by he



Damon and Pythias.

would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nut-shells.

3. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterward composed another piece, which he thought so superior that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

4. All these stories may not be true; but that they should have been current in the ancient world, shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

5. Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favor to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time and suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging that, if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead,

6. Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marveling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syra-

cusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused his delay, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

7. Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias's own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

8. Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship.

Charlotte M. Yonge.

XII.—KING CANUTE.

1. UPON his royal throne he sat
 In a monarch's thoughtful mood ;
Attendants on his regal state,
 His servile courtiers stood,
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
 To win his smile, his favor gain.
2. They told him e'en the mighty deep
 His kingly sway confessed ;
That he could bid its billows leap,
 Or still its stormy breast !
He smiled contemptuously and cried,
 " Be then my boasted empire tried ! "
3. Down to the ocean's sounding shore
 The proud procession came,
To see its billows' wild uproar
 King Canute's power proclaim,
Or, at his high and dread command,
 In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.
4. Not so thought he, their noble king,
 As his course he seaward sped ;
And each base slave, like a guilty thing,
 Hung down his conscious head :
He knew the ocean's Lord on high !
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.
5. His throne was placed by ocean's side,
 He lifted his scepter there,
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
 The waves their strife forbear ;
And while he spoke his royal will,
 All but the winds and waves were still.



Canute and his Courtiers.

6. Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of idle word;
The briny deep its waves tossed high,
By his mandate undeterred,
As threatening, in their angry play,
To sweep both king and court away.
7. The monarch, with upbraiding look,
Turned to the courtly ring;
But none the kindling eye could brook
Even of his earthly king;
For in that wrathful glance they see
A mightier monarch wronged than he!
8. Canute, thy regal race is run;
Thy name had passed away,
But for the meed this tale hath won,
Which never shall decay:
Its meek, unperishing renown
Outlasts thy scepter and thy crown.
9. The Persian, in his mighty pride,
Forged fetters for the main,
And, when its floods his power defied,
Inflicted stripes as vain;
But it was worthier far of thee
To know thyself than rule the sea!

Bernard Barton.

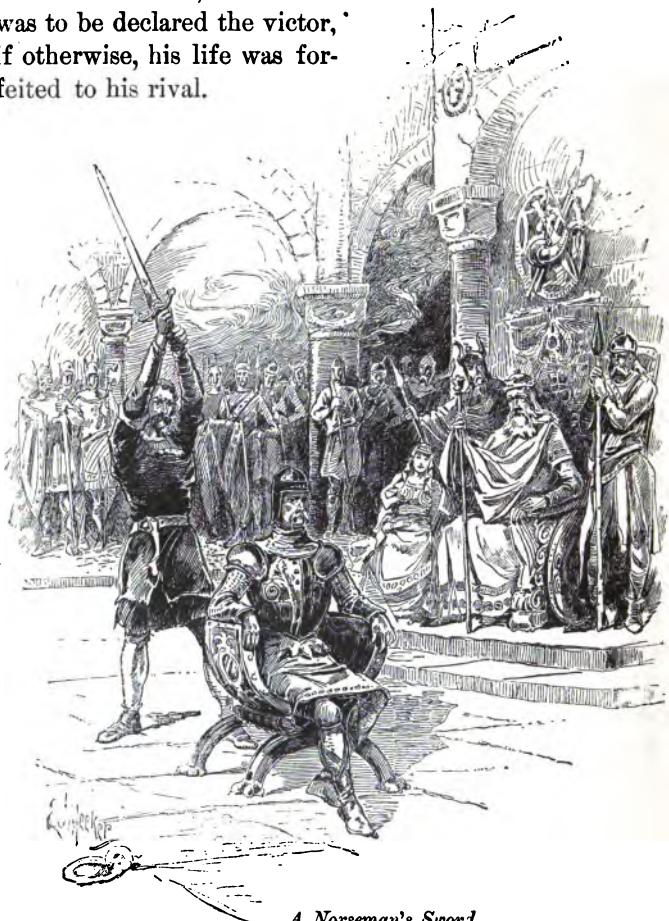
XIII.—A NORSEMAN'S SWORD.

1. THE smelting of iron in the north of Europe is believed to have commenced with the Finns or Laplanders, the original inhabitants of Scandinavia, who then occupied the localities where the best ores are still found. The diminutive stature of these people compared with that of their Gothic invaders, their skill in penetrating the bowels of the earth in search of ores, the smoke of their collieries, the flame and thunder of their furnaces and forges, and, above all, the excellent temper of the weapons wrought by them—all these conspired to render them objects of superstitious wonder to the Goths.

2. The legendary stories of that people are filled with strange tales of the northern dwarfs, who lived in the solid rock, and possessed magic skill in all the various arts of the smith. One of these legends may be worth citing, and the rather, because it relates to Vanlander, the Scandinavian Vulcan, of whom many traditions are extant, even in England, where he is styled Wayland Smith. At the age of thirteen Vanlander was apprenticed by his father, the giant Vade, to two of the dwarfs who dwelt in the interior of the mountain, and he applied himself so faithfully to their instructions, that in two years he equaled his masters in knowledge of all the arts of smithery, both black and white.

3. Being at the court of King Nidung, where his dexterity as a smith became known, a rivalry arose between him and Amilius, principal smith to the king. Amilius challenged Vanlander to a trial of skill, upon condition that the life of the vanquished should be at the disposal of the victor. The terms proposed were that Vanlander should forge a sword, and Amilius a helmet, cuirass, and

other defensive armor, and a twelvemonth was allowed for preparation. If the sword of Vanlander penetrated the armor of Amilius, the former was to be declared the victor, if otherwise, his life was forfeited to his rival.



A Norseman's Sword.

4. Amilius spent the whole year at his task, but Vanlander did not commence his labors until two months

before the trial. He now, after seven days' labor, exhibited to the king a sword of great beauty and excellent temper, but too heavy for use. By way of testing its edge, he took a cushion stuffed with wool a foot in thickness, threw it into the river, and let it float with the current against the edge of the sword, which cut it fairly in two. The king thought this a sufficient proof, but Vanlander was not satisfied.

5. He took the sword to his smithy, filed it quite to dust, and after subjecting the filings to an odd process of animal chemistry, he forged from them another sword of somewhat smaller size than the first, though still rather heavy. Upon testing this sword in the same manner as before, it readily divided a cushion two feet in thickness, and the king thought it the finest weapon in the world, but Vanlander said he would have it half as good again before he was done with it.

6. It was now reduced to filings, which were treated as in the former instance, and in three weeks Vanlander produced a sword of convenient size, inlaid with gold, and with an ornamental hilt, all of the highest finish and beauty. The king and the smith went again to the river with a cushion three feet in thickness, which was thrown into the water and driven against the blade as before. The sword divided the cushion as easily as the water, and without even checking its progress as it floated with the current, and King Nidung declared its fellow could not be found on earth.

7. At the appointed day Amilius put on his armor, all of which was of double plates, and, declaring himself ready for the trial, seated himself in a chair, and defied his rival to do his worst. Vanlander stepped behind him, gave him a blow upon the helmet, and asked him if he felt the edge. "I felt as if cold water were running

through me," replied Amilius. "Shake yourself," said Vanlander. His rival did so, and fell asunder, the sword having cleft him to the chine.

George P. Marsh.

XIV.—THE STORY OF KING ALFRED AND ST. CUTHBERT.

1. Now King Alfred was driven from his kingdom by the Danes, and he lay hid three years in the Isle of Glastonbury. And it came to pass on a day that all his folk were gone out to fish, save only Alfred himself and his wife and one servant whom he loved. And there came a pilgrim to the king and begged for food. And the king said to his servant, "What food have we in the house?" And his servant answered, "My lord, we have but one loaf and a little wine." Then the king gave thanks to God, and said, "Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor pilgrim." So the servant did as his lord commanded him, and gave to the pilgrim half of the loaf and half of the wine, and the pilgrim gave great thanks to the king.

2. And when the servant returned he found the loaf whole, and the wine as much as there had been aforetime. And he greatly wondered, and he wondered also how the pilgrim had come into the isle, for that no man could come there save by water, and the pilgrim had no boat. And the king greatly wondered also. And at the ninth hour came back the folk who had gone to fish. And they had three boats full of fish, and they said, "Lo, we have caught more fish this day than in all the three years that we have tarried in this island!" And the king was glad,

and he and his folk were merry ; yet he pondered much upon that which had come to pass.

3. And when night came the king went to his bed, and the king lay awake and thought of all that had come to pass by day. And presently he saw a great light, like the brightness of the sun, and he saw an old man with black hair, clothed in priest's garments, and with a miter on his head, and holding in his right hand a book of the Gospels adorned with gold and gems. And the old man blessed the king, and the king said unto him, " Who art thou ? " And he answered : " Alfred, my son, rejoice ; for I am he to whom thou didst this day give thine alms, and I am called Cuthbert the Soldier of Christ.

4. " Now be strong and very courageous, and be of joyful heart, and hearken diligently to the things which I say unto thee ; for henceforth I will be thy shield and thy friend, and I will watch over thee and over thy sons after thee. And now I will tell thee what thou must do : Rise up early in the morning and blow thine horn thrice, that thine enemies may hear it and fear, and by the ninth hour thou shalt have around thee five hundred men harnessed for the battle. And this shall be a sign unto thee that thou mayst believe. And after seven days thou shalt have, by God's gift and my help, all the folk of this land gathered unto thee upon the mount that is called Assaudun. And thus shalt thou fight against thine enemies, and doubt not that thou shalt overcome them.

5. " Be thou, therefore, glad of heart, and be strong and very courageous, and fear not, for God hath given thine enemies into thine hand. And he hath given thee also all this land and the kingdom of thy fathers, to thee and to thy sons and to thy sons' sons after thee. Be thou faithful to me and to my folk, because that unto thee is

given all the land of Albion. Be thou righteous, because thou art chosen to be the king of all Britain. So may God be merciful unto thee, and I will be thy friend, and none of thine enemies shall ever be able to overcome thee."

6. Then was King Alfred glad at heart, and he was strong and very courageous, for that he knew that he would overcome his enemies by the help of God and St. Cuthbert his patron. So in the morning he arose and sailed to the land, and blew his horn three times, and when his friends heard it they rejoiced, and when his enemies heard it they feared. And by the ninth hour, according to the word of the Lord, there were gathered unto him five hundred men of the bravest and dearest of his friends.

7. And he spake unto them and told them all that God had said unto them by the mouth of his servant Cuthbert, and he told them that, by the gift of God and by the help of St. Cuthbert, they would overcome their enemies and win back their own land. And he bade them, as St. Cuthbert had taught him, to be pious toward God and righteous toward men. And he bade his son Edward, who was by him, to be faithful to God and St. Cuthbert, and so he should always have victory over his enemies. So they went forth to battle and smote their enemies and overcame them, and King Alfred took the kingdom of all Britain, and he ruled well and wisely over the just and the unjust for the rest of his days.

E. A. Freeman.

XV.—A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

1. MILON, or Milone, a knight of great family, and distantly related to Charlemagne, having secretly married Bertha, the emperor's sister, was banished from France. After a long and miserable wandering on foot as mendicants, Milon and his wife arrived at Sutri, in Italy, where they took refuge in a cave, and in that cave Orlando was born. There his mother continued, drawing a scanty support from the compassion of the neighboring peasants, while Milon, in quest of honor and fortune, went into foreign lands. Orlando grew up among the children of the peasantry, surpassing them all in strength and manly graces.

2. Among his companions in age, though in station far more elevated, was Oliver, son of the governor of the town. Between the two boys a feud arose, that led to a fight, in which Orlando thrashed his rival; but this did not prevent a friendship springing up between the two which lasted through life.

3. Orlando was so poor that he was sometimes half naked. As he was a favorite of the boys, one day four of them brought some cloth to make him clothes. Two brought white and two red; and from this circumstance Orlando took his coat-of-arms, or quarterings.

4. When Charlemagne was on his way to Rome, to receive the imperial crown, he dined in public in Sutri. Orlando and his mother that day had nothing to eat, and Orlando, coming suddenly upon the royal party, and seeing abundance of provisions, seized from the attendants as much as he could carry off, and made good his retreat in spite of their resistance.

5. The emperor, being told of this incident, was reminded of an intimation he had received in a dream, and

ordered the boy to be followed. This was done by three of the knights, whom Orlando would have encountered with a cudgel on their entering the grotto, had not his mother restrained him. When they heard from her who she was, they threw themselves at her feet, and promised to obtain her pardon from the emperor. This was easily effected. Orlando was received into favor by the emperor, returned with him to France, and so distinguished himself that he became the most powerful support of the throne and of Christianity.

6. On another occasion, Orlando encountered a puissant Saracen warrior, and took from him, as the prize of victory, the sword Durindana. This famous weapon had once belonged to the illustrious prince Hector of Troy. It was of the finest workmanship, and of such strength and temper that no armor in the world could stand against it.

7. Guerin de Montglave held the lordship of Vienne, subject to Charlemagne. He had quarreled with his sovereign, and Charles laid siege to his city, having ravaged the neighboring country. Guerin was an aged warrior, but relied for his defense upon his four sons and two grandsons, who were among the bravest knights of the age. After the siege had continued two months, Charlemagne received tidings that Marsilius, King of Spain, had invaded France, and, finding himself unopposed, was advancing rapidly in the southern provinces. At this intelligence, Charles listened to the counsel of his peers, and consented to put the quarrel with Guerin to the decision of Heaven, by single combat between two knights, one of each party, selected by lot.

8. The proposal was acceptable to Guerin and his sons. The name of the four, together with Guerin's own, who would not be excused, and of the two grandsons, who claimed their lot, being put into a helmet, Oliver's was

drawn forth, and to him, the youngest of the grandsons, was assigned the honor and the peril of the combat. He accepted the award with delight, exulting in being thought worthy to maintain the cause of his family. On Charlemagne's side Roland was designated champion, and neither he nor Oliver knew who his antagonist was to be.

9. They met on an island in the Rhône, and the warriors of both camps were ranged on either shore, spectators of the battle. At the first encounter both lances were shivered, but both riders kept their seats immovable. They dismounted and drew their swords. Then ensued a combat which seemed so equal, that the spectators could not form an opinion as to the probable issue. Two hours and more the knights continued to strike and parry, to thrust and ward, neither showing any sign of weariness, nor ever being taken at unawares.

10. At length Orlando struck furiously upon Oliver's shield, burying Durindana in its edge so deeply that he could not draw it back, and Oliver, almost at the same moment, thrust so vigorously upon Orlando's breastplace that his sword snapped off at the handle. Thus were the two warriors left weaponless. Scarcely pausing a moment, they rushed upon one another, each striving to throw his adversary to the ground, and, failing in that, each snatched at the other's helmet to tear it away. Both succeeded, and at the same moment they stood bareheaded face to face, and Roland recognized Oliver, and Oliver Roland. For a moment they stood still; and the next, with open arms, rushed into one another's embrace. "I am conquered," said Orlando. "I yield me," said Oliver.

11. The people on the shore knew not what to make of all this. Presently they saw the two late antagonists standing hand-in-hand, and it was evident the battle was at an end. The knights crowded around them, and with

one voice hailed them as equal in glory. If there were any who felt disposed to murmur that the battle was left undecided, they were silenced by the voice of Ogier the Dane, who proclaimed aloud that all had been done that honor required, and declared that he would maintain that award against all gainsayers.

12. The quarrel with Guerin and his sons being left undecided, a truce was made for four days, and in that time, by the efforts of Duke Namo on the one side, and of Oliver on the other, a reconciliation was effected. Charlemagne, accompanied by Guerin and his valiant family, marched to meet Marsilius, who hastened to retreat across the frontier.

Bullfinch.

XVI.—THE LEGEND OF MACBETH.

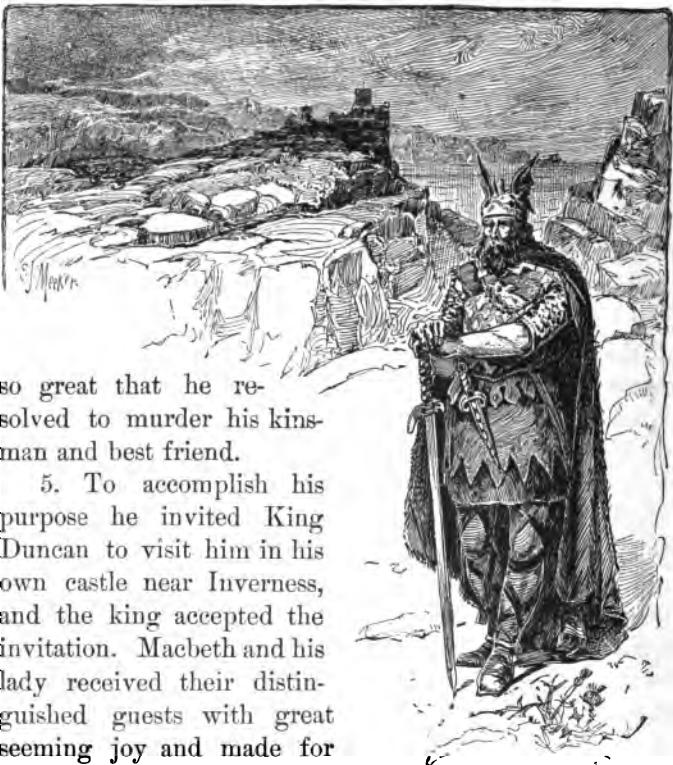
1. SOON after the Scots and Picts had become one people, there was a king of Scotland called Duncan, a very good old man. He had two sons, Malcolm and Donald-bane. But King Duncan was too old to lead out his army to battle, and his sons were too young to help him. Now it happened that a great fleet of Danes came to Scotland and landed their men in Fife and threatened to take possession of that province. So a numerous Scottish army was levied to go out to fight with them. The king intrusted the command to Macbeth, a near kinsman.

2. This Macbeth, who was a brave soldier, put himself at the head of the Scottish army and marched against the Danes. And he took with him a near relative of his own called Banquo, a brave and successful soldier. There was a great battle fought between the Danes and the Scots, and Macbeth and Banquo defeated the Danes and

drove them back to their ships, leaving a great many of their soldiers killed and wounded. Then Macbeth and his army marched back to Forres in the north of Scotland, rejoicing on account of their victory.

3. Now, at this time, there lived in the town of Forres three old women, whom people thought were witches, and supposed they could tell what was to come to pass. These old women went and stood by the way-side, in a great moor near Forres, and waited until Macbeth came up. And then stepping before him as he was marching at the head of his soldiers the first woman said, "All hail Macbeth! hail to the Thane of Glamis!" The second said, "All hail to the Thane of Cawdor!" Then the third wishing to pay him a higher compliment, said: "All hail Macbeth, that shall be King of Scotland!" While Macbeth stood wondering what they could mean, Banquo stepped forward and asked if they had not something good to say to him. And they said he should not be so great as Macbeth, yet his children should succeed to the throne of Scotland and reign for a great number of years.

4. Before Macbeth had recovered from his surprise, there came a messenger to tell him that his father was dead; so that, he was Thane of Glamis; and then came a second messenger from the king to thank Macbeth for the great victory over the Danes, and to tell him that the Thane of Cawdor had rebelled against the king, and that the king had taken his office from him, and had sent to make Macbeth Thane of Cawdor. Macbeth, seeing that a part of their words came true, began to think how he might become king as the three old women had predicted. Now Lady Macbeth was a very wicked woman, and she showed Macbeth that the only way to become king was to kill good King Duncan. At first Macbeth would not listen to her, but at last his ambition to be king became



Macbeth.

so great that he resolved to murder his kinsman and best friend.

5. To accomplish his purpose he invited King Duncan to visit him in his own castle near Inverness, and the king accepted the invitation. Macbeth and his lady received their distinguished guests with great seeming joy and made for them a great feast. At the close of the feast the king retired to rest, and all the other guests followed his example. The two personal attendants of the king whose duty it was to watch over him while asleep, were purposely made drunk by Lady Macbeth, and they fell upon their couch in a profound slumber.

6. Then Macbeth came into King Duncan's room about two o'clock in the morning. It was a terrible stormy night, but the noise of the wind and the thunder could not awaken the king, as he was old and weary with

his journey ; neither could it awaken the two sentinels. They all slept soundly. So Macbeth stepped gently over the floor and took the two dirks which belonged to the sentinels and stabbed poor old King Duncan to the heart, so he died without a groan. Then Macbeth put the bloody daggers into the hands of the sleeping sentinels and daubed their hands and faces with blood. Macbeth was frightened at what he had done, but his wife made him wash his hands and go to bed.

7. Early in the morning the nobles and gentlemen who attended on the king assembled in the great hall of the castle, and then they began to talk of what a dreadful storm there had been the night before. They waited for some time, but finding the king did not come out, one of the noblemen went to see whether he was well or not. But when he came into the room he found King Duncan dead, and went back and spread the alarm. The Scottish nobles were greatly enraged at the sight, and Macbeth made believe he was more enraged than any of them, and drawing his sword he killed the two attendants of the king, still heavy with sleep in consequence of the drink furnished by Lady Macbeth the night before.

8. Malcolm and Donaldbane, the two sons of Duncan, when they saw their father dead, fled from the castle, as they believed that Macbeth had committed the murder. Malcolm, the eldest son, made his way to the English court, and solicited aid to get possession of his father's throne. In the mean time Macbeth took possession of the kingdom of Scotland. The remembrance of his great crime continually haunted him, and he became so sleepless as to be nearly insane. He remembered that the witches had said that the children of Banquo should reign as kings in Scotland, and he became terribly jealous of his old friend

and companion. At last he hired ruffians to waylay Banquo and his sons and murder them. The scheme was partially successful—Banquo was killed but the sons escaped, and from him descended a long line of the early Scottish kings.

9. But Macbeth was not more happy after he had slain his friend and cousin Banquo. He knew that people began to suspect him of his evil deeds, and he was constantly afraid that some of his nobles would treat him as he treated King Duncan. In his perplexity he sought the three witches he had met before, to ask them what was to happen to him in the future. They answered him that he should not be conquered nor lose the crown of Scotland until a great forest, called Birnam Wood should come to attack him in his strong castle on Dunsinane hill. As the distance between the two was about twelve miles, Macbeth thought it was impossible that the trees should ever come to assault him in his castle. He immediately summoned all his nobles to assist him in strengthening his castle at Dunsinane. All the nobles were obliged to furnish oxen and horses to drag the heavy stones and logs used on the fortification up the steep hill.

10. One day Macbeth noticed a pair of oxen so tired with their burden that they fell down under their load. Upon inquiry he learned that they belonged to Macduff, the Thane of Fife. The king, who was jealous of Macduff, flew into a great rage and declared that "since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as these to do my labor, I will put his own neck into the yoke, and make him drag the burden himself." A friend of Macduff who heard this speech hastened to the king's castle and informed Macduff who was walking about while the dinner was preparing.

11. Macduff snatched a loaf of bread from the table, called for his horses and servants, and galloped off toward his own castle of Kennoway in Fife. When Macbeth returned he first asked what had become of Macduff, and being informed that he had fled from Dunsinane, Macbeth put himself at the head of a large force of his guards, and immediately pursued. Macduff reached his castle which is built upon the shore of the sea, a little in advance of the king. He ordered his wife to shut the gates of the castle and pull up the drawbridge, and on no account permit the king or any of his soldiers to enter. In the mean time he went aboard a small ship and put out to sea.

12. Macbeth then summoned the lady to open the gates and deliver up her husband. "Do you see," said she, "yon white sail upon the sea? Yonder goes Macduff to the court of England. You will never see him again until he comes with young Prince Malcolm to pull you down from the throne and put you to death. You will never be able to put your yoke upon the neck of the Thane of Fife."

13. Some say that Macbeth was so enraged at the escape of Macduff that he stormed and took the castle, and put to death the wife and children of Macduff. But others say that Macbeth turned back from the strong castle and its brave defenders, and returned to his own home at Dunsinane. Macduff readily found Prince Malcolm and the English king, fitted them out with an army. Upon entering Scotland a large share of the nobles deserted Macbeth and joined the forces of Malcolm. The army marched as far as Birnam Wood where they encamped to rest and recuperate.

14. Macbeth, in the mean time, shut himself up in his castle, where he thought himself safe according to

the old woman's prophecy, until Birnam Wood should advance against him, and this he never expected to see. Malcolm's army having entirely recovered their strength and vigor, at length were ready to march. As they were about to start, Macduff advised each soldier to cut down the bough of a tree and carry it so as to conceal the strength of the army as they crossed the valley. The sentinel on the castle walls saw all these green boughs advancing, ran to Macbeth and informed him that the wood of Birnam was moving toward the castle of Dunsinane. The king at first called him a liar and threatened to put him to death; but when he looked from the walls himself, and saw the appearance of a forest approaching from Birnam, he remembered the prediction, and felt that the hour of his destruction had come.

15. His followers were also superstitious and began to desert him. But Macbeth, at the head of those who remained true to him sallied out, and was killed in a hand-to-hand conflict with Macduff. This story, a tradition, is told by Sir Walter Scott, and forms the foundation of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth."



OLD BALLADS.

XVII.—CHEVY-CHASE.

1. God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.
2. The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take—
3. The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay ;
4. Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,
5. With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

6. The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt
When daylight did appear;
7. And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.
8. Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;
9. "But if I thought he would not come—
No longer would I stay";
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:
10. "Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come—
His men in armor bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight."
11. Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.
12. "Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."
13. The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy he—
Who said: "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

14. "Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :
15. "Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die!
I know thee well, an earl thou art—
Lord Percy, so am I.
16. "Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied!"
17. Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said : "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,
18. "That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.
19. "I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword
I'll fight with heart and hand."
20. Our English archers bent their bows—
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.
21. Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good ;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

22. His host he parted had in three,
As leaders ware and tried ;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.
23. At last these two stout earls did meet ;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.
24. “Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said,
“In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.
25. “Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee—
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”
26. “No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,
“Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”
27. With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart--
A deep and deadly blow ;
28. Who never spake more words than these :
“Fight on, my merry men ali ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”
29. Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said : “Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land !

30. "In truth, my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure a more redoubted knight
 Mischance did never make."

31. A knight amongst the Scots there was
 Who saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Earl Percy.

32. Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
 Who with a spear full bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

33. And past the English archers all,
 Without a dread or fear,
 And through Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear.

34. So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
 An English archer then perceived
 The noble earl was slain.

35. Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
 To right a shaft he set ;
 The gray goose-wing that was thereon
 In his heart's blood was wet.

36. This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the evening-bell
 The battle scarce was done.

37. Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
 Went home but fifty-three ;
 The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
 Under the greenwood-tree.

38. The news was brought to Edinburg,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.

39. "Oh, heavy news!" King James did say ;
 "Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any captain more
 Of such account as he."

40. Like tidings to King Henry came
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

41. "Now God be with him," said our king,
 "Since 'twill no better be ;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred as good as he :

42. "Yet shall not Scot or Scotland say
 But I will vengeance take ;
 I'll be revengèd on them all
 For brave Earl Percy's sake !"

43. This vow full well the king performed
 After at Humbledown :
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 With lords of high renown ;

44. And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many hundreds die :
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
 Made by the Earl Percy.

45. God save the king and bless this land
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease !

Old Ballad.

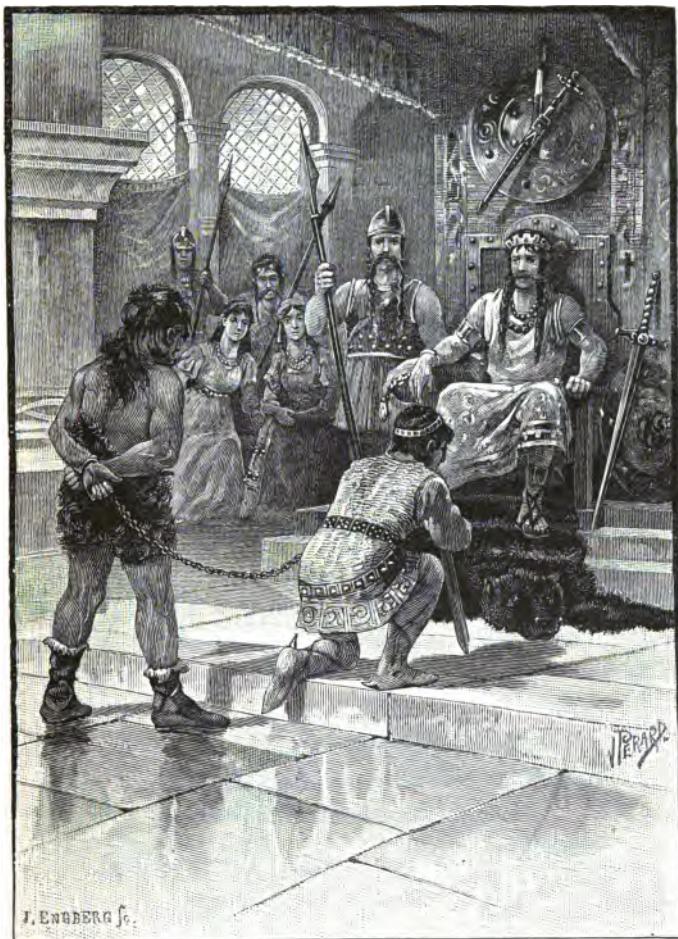
XVIII.—VALENTINE AND URSINE.

1. WHEN Flora 'gins to deck the fields
With colors fresh and fine,
Then holy clerks their matins sing
To good St. Valentine.
2. The King of France, that morning fair,
He would a-hunting ride,
To Artois Forest prancing forth
In all his princely pride.
3. To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend,
And with their loud and cheerful cries
The hills and valleys rend.
4. Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild,
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child.
5. All in a scarlet kerchief laid,
Of silk so fine and thin,
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
Pinned with a silver pin.
6. The sudden sight surprised them all,
The courtiers gathered round ;
They look, they call, the mother seek—
No mother could be found.
7. At length the king himself drew near,
And, as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe looked up and smiled,
And stretched his little hands.

8. "Now, by the rood," King Pepin says,
"This child is passing fair;
I wot he is of gentle blood,
Perhaps some prince's heir.
9. "Go, bear him home unto my court,
With all the care you may,
Let him be christened Valentine,
In honor of this day.
10. "And look me out some cunning nurse,
Well nurtured let him be;
Nor aught be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree."
11. They looked him out a cunning nurse,
And nurtured well was he;
Nor aught was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.
12. Thus grew the little Valentine,
Beloved of king and peers,
And showed in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.
13. But chief in gallant feats of arms
He did himself advance,
That, ere he grew to man's estate,
He had no peer in France.
14. And now the early down began
To shade his youthful chin,
When Valentine was dubbed a knight,
That he might glory win.
15. "A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee:
The first adventure that befalls
May be reserved for me."

16. "The first adventure shall be thine,"
 The king did smiling say.
Not many days, when lo ! there came
 Three palmers clad in gray.
17. "Help, gracious lord," they weeping said,
 And knelt, as it was meet ;
"From Artois Forest we are come,
 With weak and weary feet.
18. "Within those deep and dreary woods
 There dwells a savage boy,
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
 Thy subjects dire annoy.
19. "To more than savage strength he joins
 A more than human skill ;
For arms no cunning may suffice
 His cruel rage to still."
20. Up then rose Sir Valentine
 And claimed that arduous deed.
"Go forth and conquer," said the king,
 "And great shall be thy meed."
21. Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
 His armor white as snow,
As well besemed a virgin knight,
 Who ne'er had fought a foe—
22. To Artois Forest he repairs,
 With all the haste he may,
And soon he spies the savage youth
 A-rending of his prey !
23. His unkempt hair all matted hung
 His shaggy shoulders round ;
His eager eye all fiery glowed,
 His face with fury frowned.

24. Like eagle's talons grew his nails,
 His limbs were thick and strong,
And dreadful was the knotted oak
 He bare with him along.
25. Soon as Sir Valentine approached,
 He starts with sudden spring,
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
 He made the forest ring.
26. As when a tiger fierce and fell
 Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat,
 So sprang the savage foe.
27. So lightly leaped with furious force,
 The gentle knight to seize,
But met his tall uplifted spear,
 Which sank him on his knees.
28. A second stroke, so stiff and stern,
 Had laid the savage low ;
But, springing up, he raised his club,
 And aimed a dreadful blow.
29. The watchful warrior bent his head,
 And shunned the coming stroke ;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
 And all to shivers broke.
30. Then, lighting nimbly from his steed,
 He drew his burnished brand ;
The savage quick as lightning flew
 To wrest it from his hand.
31. Three times he grasped the silver hilt,
 Three times he felt the blade ;
Three times it fell with furious force,
 Three ghastly cuts it made.



*“To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring,
And, kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.”*

32. Now with redoubled rage he roared,
His eyeballs flashed with fire,
Each hairy limb with fury shook,
And all his heart was ire.
33. But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturned his hairy foe,
And now between their sturdy fists
Passed many a bruising blow.
34. But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield;
Sir Valentine at length prevailed,
And won the well-fought field.
35. Then binding straight his conquered foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He ties him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.
36. To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring,
And, kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.
37. With loss of blood and loss of strength,
The savage tamer grew,
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant tried and true.
38. And, 'cause with bears he first was bred,
Ursine they called his name—
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclaim.

Old Ballad.



EARLY EASTERN RECORD.

XIX.—SENNACHERIB.

1. **T**HEN Isaiah the son of Amoz sent to Hezekiah, saying, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, that which thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib king of Assyria I have heard.

2. This is the word that the Lord hath spoken concerning him ; The virgin the daughter of Zion hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn ; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee.

3. Whom hast thou reproached and blasphemed ? and against whom hast thou exalted thy voice, and lifted up thine eyes on high ? even against the Holy One of Israel.

4. By thy messengers thou hast reproached the Lord, and hast said, With the multitude of my chariots, I am come up to the height of the mountains, to the sides of Lebanon, and will cut down the tall cedar-trees thereof, and the choice fir-trees thereof : and I will enter into the lodgings of his borders, and into the forest of his Carmel.

5. I have digged and drunk strange waters, and with the sole of my feet have I dried up all the rivers of besieged places.

6. Hast thou not heard long ago how I have done it, and of ancient times that I have formed it? now have I brought it to pass, that thou shouldest be to lay waste fenced cities into ruinous heaps.

7. Therefore their inhabitants were of small power, they were dismayed and confounded; they were as the grass of the field, and as the green herb, as the grass on the housetops, and as corn blasted before it be grown up.

8. But I know thy abode, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy rage against me.

9. Because thy rage against me and thy tumult is come up into mine ears, therefore I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest.

10. And this shall be a sign unto thee, Ye shall eat this year such things as grow of themselves, and in the second year that which springeth of the same; and in the third year sow ye, and reap, and plant vineyards, and eat the fruits thereof.

11. And the remnant that is escaped of the house of Judah shall yet again take root downward, and bear fruit upward.

12. For out of Jerusalem shall go forth a remnant, and they that escape out of Mount Zion: the zeal of the Lord of hosts shall do this.

13. Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it.

14. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord.

15. For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.

16. And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand ; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

17. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh.

II Kings, xix, 20-36.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

1. THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with its banners at sunset was seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
3. For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.
4. And there lay the steed, with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

5. And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.



6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.



XX.—*GLAUCON.*

1. WHEN Glaucon, the son of Ariston, attempted to harangue the people, from a desire, though he was not yet twenty years of age, to have a share in the government of the state, no one of his relatives, or other friends, could prevent him from getting himself dragged down from the tribunal and making himself ridiculous ; but Socrates, who had a friendly feeling toward him on account of Charmides, the son of Glaucon, as well as on account of Plato, succeeded in prevailing on him, by his sole dissuasion, to relinquish his purpose.

2. Meeting him by chance, he first stopped him by addressing him as follows, that he might be willing to listen to him : “Glaucon,” said he, “have you formed an intention to govern the state for us ?” “I have, Socrates,” replied Glaucon. “By Jupiter,” rejoined Socrates, “it is an honorable office, if any other among men be so ; for it is certain that, if you attain your object, you will be able yourself to secure whatever you may desire, and will be in a condition to benefit your friends ; you will raise your father’s house, and increase the power of your country ; you will be celebrated first of all in your own city, and afterward throughout Greece, and perhaps, also, like Themistocles, among the barbarians, and, wherever you may be, you will be an object of general admiration.” Glaucon, hearing this, was highly elated, and



Socrates.

cheerfully stayed to listen. Socrates next proceeded to say: "But it is plain, Glaucon, that if you wish to be honored, you must benefit the state." "Certainly," answered Glaucon. "Then, in the name of the gods," said Socrates, "do not hide from us how you intend to act, but inform us with what proceeding you will begin to benefit the state." But as Glaucon was silent, as if just considering how he should begin, Socrates said: "As, if you wished to aggrandize the family of a friend, you would endeavor to make it richer, tell me whether you will in like manner also endeavor to make the state richer?" "Assuredly," said he. "Would it then be richer, if its revenues were increased?" "That is at least probable," said Glaucon. "Tell me then," proceeded Socrates, "from what the revenues of the state arise, and what is their amount; for you have doubtless considered, in order that if any of them fall short, you may make up the deficiency, and that if any of them fail, you may procure fresh supplies." "These matters, by Jupiter," replied Glaucon, "I have not considered."

3. "Well, then," said Socrates, "if you have omitted to consider this point, tell me at least the annual expenditure of the state; for you undoubtedly mean to retrench whatever is superfluous in it." "Indeed," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet had time to turn my attention to that subject." "We will therefore," said Socrates, "put off making our state richer for the present; for how is it possible for him who is ignorant of its expenditure and its income to manage those matters?"

4. "But Socrates," observed Glaucon, "it is possible to enrich the state at the expense of our enemies." "Extremely possible, indeed," replied Socrates, "if we be stronger than they; but if we be weaker, we may lose all that we have." "What you say is true," said Glaucon.

5. "Accordingly," said Socrates, "he who deliberates with whom he shall go to war, ought to know the force both of his own country and of the enemy, so that, if that of his own country be superior to that of the enemy, he may advise it to enter upon the war, but if



Socrates and Glaucon.

inferior, may persuade it to be cautious of doing so."

"You say rightly," said Glaucon.

6. "In the first place, then," proceeded Socrates, "tell

us the strength of the country by land and sea, and next that of the enemy." "But, by Jupiter," exclaimed Glaucon, "I should not be able to tell you on the moment, and at a word." "Well, then, if you have it written down," said Socrates, "bring it, for I should be extremely glad to hear what it is." "But, to say the truth," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet written it down."

7. "We will therefore put off considering about war for the present," said Socrates, "for it is very likely that on account of the magnitude of these subjects, and as you are just commencing your administration, you have not yet examined into them. But to the defense of the country, I am quite sure that you have directed your attention, and that you know how many garrisons are in advantageous positions, and how many not so, what number of men would be sufficient to maintain them, and what number would be insufficient, and that you will advise your countrymen to make the garrisons in advantageous positions stronger, and to remove the useless ones."

8. "By Jove," replied Glaucon, "I shall recommend them to remove them all, as they keep guard so negligently, that the property is secretly carried off out of the country." "Yet, if we remove the garrisons," said Socrates, "do you not think that liberty will be given to anybody that pleases to pillage? But," added he, "have you gone personally and examined as to this fact, or how do you know that the garrisons conduct themselves with such negligence?" "I form my conjectures," said he. "Well, then," inquired Socrates, "shall we settle about these matters also, when we no longer rest upon conjecture, but have obtained certain knowledge?" "Perhaps that," said Glaucon, "will be the better course."

9. "To the silver-mines, however," continued Socrates,

“I know that you have not gone, so as to have the means of telling us why a smaller revenue is derived from them than came in some time ago.” “I have not gone thither,” said he. “Indeed, the place,” said Socrates, “is said to be unhealthy, so that when it is necessary to bring it under consideration, this will be a sufficient excuse for you.” “You jest with me,” said Glaucon. “I am sure, however,” proceeded Socrates, “that you have not neglected to consider, but have calculated, how long the corn which is produced in the country, will suffice to maintain the city, and how much it requires for the year, in order that the city may not suffer from scarcity unknown to you, but that, from your own knowledge, you may be able, by giving your advice concerning the necessaries of life, to support the city and preserve it.” “You propose a vast field for me,” observed Glaucon, “if it will be necessary for me to attend to such subjects.”

10. “Nevertheless,” proceeded Socrates, “a man can not order his house properly, unless he ascertains all that it requires, and takes care to supply it with everything necessary; but since the city consists of more than ten thousand houses, and since it is difficult to provide for so many at once, how is it that you have not tried to aid one first of all, suppose that of your uncle, for it stands in need of help? If you be able to assist that one, you may proceed to assist more; but if you be unable to benefit one, how will you be able to benefit many? Just as it is plain that, if a man can not carry the weight of a talent, he need not attempt to carry a greater weight?”

11. “But I would improve my uncle’s house,” said Glaucon, “if he would but be persuaded by me.” “And then,” resumed Socrates, “when you can not persuade your uncle, do you expect to make all the Athenians, together with your uncle, yield to your arguments?

12. "Take care, Glaucon, lest, while you are eager to acquire glory, you meet with the reverse of it. Do you not see how dangerous it is for a person to speak of, or undertake, what he does not understand? Contemplate, among other men, such as you know to be characters that plainly talk of, and attempt to do, what they do not know, and consider whether they appear to you, by such conduct, to obtain more applause or censure, whether they seem to be more admired or despised?

13. "Contemplate, again, those who have some understanding of what they say and do, and you will find, I think, in all transactions, that such as are praised and admired are of the number of those who have most knowledge, and that those who incur censure and neglect are among those that have least.

14. "If, therefore, you desire to gain esteem and reputation in your country, endeavor to succeed in gaining a knowledge of what you wish to do; for if, when you excel others in this qualification, you proceed to manage the affairs of the state, I shall not wonder if you very easily obtain what you desire."

Xenophon.

XXI.—CYRUS AND HIS GRANDFATHER.

1. WHEN Cyrus was twelve years old, his mother Mandana took him with her into Media to his grandfather Astyages, who, from the many things he had heard in favor of the young prince, had a great desire to see him. In this court young Cyrus found very different manners from those of his own country: pride, luxury, and magnificence reigned here universally. Astyages

himself was richly clothed, had his eyes colored, his face painted, and his hair embellished with artificial locks ; for the Medes affected an effeminate life—to be dressed in scarlet and to wear necklaces and bracelets—whereas the habits of the Persians were very plain and coarse.

2. All this finery had no effect upon Cyrus, who, without criticising or condemning what he saw, was content to live as he had been brought up, and adhered to the principles he had imbibed from his infancy. He charmed his grandfather with his sprightliness and wit, and gained the favor of all by his noble and engaging behavior. I shall only mention one instance, whereby we may judge of the rest. Astyages, to make his grandson unwilling to return home, made a sumptuous entertainment, in which there was a vast plenty and profusion of everything that was nice and delicate. Cyrus looked upon all this exquisite cheer and magnificent preparation with great indifference, and, observing that it excited the surprise of Astyages, “The Persians,” says he to the king, “instead of going such a roundabout way to appease their hunger, have a much shorter one to the same end : a little bread and cresses with them answer the purpose.”

3. Astyages desiring Cyrus to dispose of all the meats as he thought fit, the latter immediately distributed them to the king’s officers in-waiting : to one, because he taught him to ride ; to another, because he waited well upon his grandfather ; and to a third, because he took great care of his mother. Sacas, the king’s cup-bearer, was the only person to whom he gave nothing. This officer, besides the post of cup-bearer, had that likewise of introducing those who were to have audience with the king ; and, as he could not possibly grant that favor to Cyrus as often as he desired it, he had the misfortune to displease the prince, who took this occasion to show his resentment.

4. Astyages, manifesting some concern at the neglect of this officer, for whom he had a particular regard, and who deserved it, as he said, on account of the wonderful dexterity with which he served him—"Is that all, father?" replied Cyrus; "if that be sufficient to merit your favor, you shall see I will quickly obtain it; for I will take upon me to serve you better than he." Cyrus immediately equipped as a cup-bearer, and advancing gravely with a serious countenance, a napkin upon his shoulder, and holding the cup nicely with three of his fingers, presented it to the king with a dexterity and a grace that charmed both Astyages and Mandana. When he had done he threw himself upon his grandfather's neck, and, kissing him, cried out with great joy: "O Sacas! poor Sacas! thou art undone; I shall have thy place!"

5. Astyages embraced him with great fondness, and said: "I am highly pleased, my dear child; nobody can serve me with a better grace; but you have forgot one essential ceremony, which is that of tasting"; and, indeed, the cup-bearer was used to pour some of the liquor into his left hand, and to taste it, before he presented it to the king. "No," replied Cyrus, "it was not through forgetfulness that I omitted that ceremony." "Why, then," says Astyages, "for what reason did you not do it?" "Because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor." "Poison, child! How could you think so?" "Yes, poison, father, for not long ago, at an entertainment you gave to the lords of your court, after the guests had drunk a little of that liquor, I perceived all their heads were turned. They sang, made a noise, and talked they did not know what; you yourself seemed to have forgotten that you were king, and they that they were subjects; and when you would have danced you could

not stand upon your legs." "Why," said Astyages, "have you never seen the same thing happen to your father?" "No, never," says Cyrus. "What, then? How is it with him when he drinks?" "Why, when he has drunk, his thirst is quenched, and that is all."

6. Mandana being upon the point of returning to Persia, Cyrus joyfully complied with the repeated requests his grandfather had made to him to stay in Media; being desirous, as he said, to perfect himself in the art of riding, which he was not yet master of, and which was not known in Persia, where the barrenness of the country and its craggy, mountainous situation rendered it unfit for the breeding of horses.

7. During the time of his residence at this court his behavior procured him infinite love and esteem. He was gentle, affable, beneficent, and generous. Whenever the young lords had any favor to ask of the king, Cyrus was their solicitor. If the king had any subject of complaint against them, Cyrus was their mediator; their affairs became his, and he always managed them so well that he obtained whatever he desired.

Rollin.

XXII.—CYRUS AND THE ARMENIANS.

1. THE King of Armenia who was vassal to the Medes, looking upon them as ready to be swallowed up by a formidable league formed against them, thought fit to lay hold of this occasion to shake off their yoke. Accordingly he refused to pay them the ordinary tribute, and to send them the number of troops he was obliged to furnish in time of war. This highly embarrassed Cyax-

ares, who was afraid at this juncture of bringing new enemies upon his hands if he undertook to compel the Armenians to execute their treaty.

2. But Cyrus, having informed himself exactly of the strength and situation of the country, undertook the affair. The important point was to keep his design secret, without which it was not likely to succeed. He therefore appointed a great hunting-match on that side of the country; for it was his custom to ride out that way, and frequently to hunt with the king's son and the young noblemen of Armenia. On the appointed day, he set out with a numerous retinue. The troops followed at a distance, and were not to appear till a signal was given. After some days' hunting, when they had nearly reached the palace where the court resided, Cyrus communicated his design to his officers; and sent Chrysantes with a detachment, ordering them to make themselves master of a certain steep eminence, where he knew the king used to retire in case of an alarm, with his family and his treasures.

3. This being done, he sent a herald to the king of Armenia, to summon him to perform the treaty, and in the mean time ordered his troops to advance. Never was a court in greater surprise and perplexity. The king was conscious of the wrong he had done, and was not in a condition to support it. However, he did what he could to assemble his forces together from all quarters; and in the mean time dispatched his youngest son, called Stabaris, into the mountains, with his wives, his daughters, and whatever was most precious and valuable. But when he was informed by his scouts that Cyrus was closely pursuing, he entirely lost all courage, and all thoughts of making a defense.

4. The Armenians, following his example, ran away,

every one where he could, to secure what was dearest to him. Cyrus, seeing the country covered with people that were endeavoring to make their escape, sent them word that no harm should be done to them if they stayed in their houses; but that as many as were taken running away should be treated as enemies. This made them all retire to their habitations, excepting a few that followed the king.

5. On the other hand, they that were conducting the princesses to the mountains fell into the ambush Chrysanthes had laid for them, and were most of them taken prisoners. The queen, the king's son, his daughters, his eldest son's wife, and his treasures, all fell into the hands of the Persians.

6. The king, hearing this melancholy news, and not knowing what would become of him, retired to a little eminence, where he was presently invested by the Persian army, and obliged to surrender. Cyrus ordered him with all his family to be brought to the midst of the army. At that very instant arrived Tigranes, the king's eldest son, who was just returned from a journey. At so moving a scene he could not forbear weeping. Cyrus, addressing himself to him, said: "Prince, you are come very seasonably to be present at the trial of your father." And immediately he assembled the captains of the Persians and Medes, and called in also the great men of Armenia. Nor did he so much as exclude the ladies from this assembly, who were there in their chariots, but gave them full liberty to hear and see all that passed.

7. When all was ready and Cyrus had commanded silence, he began with requiring of the king, that in all the questions he was about to propose to him, he would answer sincerely, because nothing could be more unworthy a person of his rank than to use dissimulation or

falsehood. The king promised he would. Then Cyrus asked him, but at different times, proposing each article separately, and in order, whether it was not true, that he had made war upon Astyages, King of the Medes, his grandfather; whether he had not been overcome in that war, and in consequence of his defeat had concluded a treaty with Astyages; whether by virtue of that treaty he was not obliged to pay a certain tribute, to furnish a certain number of troops, and not to keep any fortified place in his country.

8. It was impossible for the king to deny any of these facts, which were all public and notorious. "For what reason, then," continued Cyrus, "have you violated the treaty in every article?" "For no other," replied the king, "than because I thought it a glorious thing to shake off the yoke, to live free, and to leave my children in the same condition." "It is really glorious," answered Cyrus, "to fight in defense of liberty, but if any one, after he is reduced to servitude, should attempt to run away from his master, what would you do with him?" "I must confess," said the king, "I would punish him." "And if you had given a government to one of your subjects, and he should be found to misbehave, would you continue him in his post?" "No, certainly; I would put another in his place." "And if he had amassed great riches by his unjust practices?" "I would strip him of them." "But, which is still worse, if he had held intelligence with your enemies, how would you treat him?" "Though I should pass sentence upon myself," replied the king, "I must declare the truth; I would put him to death." At these words Tigranes tore his tiara from his head, and rent his garments; the women burst out into lamentations and outcries, as if the sentence had actually passed upon him.

9. Cyrus, having again commanded silence, Tigranes addressed himself to the prince to this effect: "Great prince, can you think it consistent with your wisdom, to put my father to death, even against your own interest?" "How against my interest?" replied Cyrus. "Because he was never so capable of doing you service." How do you make that appear? Do the faults we commit enhance our merit, and give us a new title to consideration and favor?" "They certainly do, provided they serve to make us wiser; for wisdom is of inestimable value. Are either riches, courage, or address to be compared to it? Now it is evident, this single day's experience has infinitely improved my father's wisdom. He knows how dear the violation of his word has cost him. He has proved and felt how much you are superior to him in all respects. He has not been able to succeed in any of his designs; but you have happily accomplished all yours; and with such expedition and secrecy that he has found himself surrounded and taken before he expected to be attacked, and the very place of his retreat has served only to ensnare him."

10. "But your father," replied Cyrus, "has yet undergone no sufferings that can have taught him wisdom." "The fear of evils," answered Tigranes, "when it is so well founded as this is, has a much sharper sting, and is more capable of piercing the soul, than the evil itself. Besides, permit me to say, that gratitude is a stronger and more prevailing motive than any whatever; and there can be no obligations in the world of a higher nature than those you will lay upon my father—his fortune, liberty, scepter, life, wives, and children, all restored to him with such a generosity. Where can you find, illustrious prince, in one single person, so many strong and powerful ties to attach him to your service?"

11. "Well, then," replied Cyrus, turning to the king, "if I should yield to your son's entreaties, with what number of men, and what sum of money, will you assist us in the war against the Babylonians?" "My troops and treasures," says the Armenian king, "are no longer mine; they are entirely yours. I can raise forty thousand foot and eight thousand horse; and as for money, I reckon, including the treasure which my father left me, there are about three thousand talents ready money. All these are wholly at your disposal." Cyrus accepted half the number of the troops, and left the king the other half, for the defense of the country against the Chaldeans, with whom he was at war.

12. The annual tribute which was due to the Medes he doubled, and instead of fifty talents exacted a hundred, and borrowed the like sum over and above in his own name. "But what would you give me," added Cyrus, "for the ransom of your wives?" "All that I have in the world," replied the king. "And for the ransom of your children?" "The same thing." "From this time, then, you are indebted to me the double of all your possessions. And you, Tigranes, at what price would you redeem the liberty of your lady?" Now he had lately married her, and was passionately fond of her. "At the price," said he, "of a thousand lives if I had them." Cyrus then conducted them all to his tent, and entertained them at supper. It is easy to imagine what transports of joy there must have been upon this occasion.

13. After supper, as they were discoursing upon various subjects, Cyrus asked Tigranes what was become of a governor whom he had often seen hunting with him, and for whom he had a particular esteem. "Alas!" said Tigranes, "he is no more; and I dare not tell you by what accident I lost him." Cyrus pressed him to tell

him. "My father," continued Tigranes, "seeing I had a very tender affection for this governor, and that I was extremely attached to him, suspected it might be of some ill consequence and put him to death. But he was so honest a man, that as he was ready to expire, he sent for me and spoke to me in these words: 'Tigranes, let not my death occasion any dissatisfaction in you toward the king your father. What he has done to me did not proceed from malice, but only from prejudice, and a false notion wherewith he was unhappily blinded.'" "Oh, the excellent man!" cried Cyrus, "never forget the last advice he gave you."

14. When the conversation was ended, Cyrus, before they parted, embraced them all, as in token of a perfect reconciliation. This done, they got into their chariots, with their wives, and went home full of gratitude and admiration. Nothing but Cyrus was mentioned the whole way; some extolling his wisdom, others his valor; some admiring the sweetness of his temper, others praising the beauty of his person and the majesty of his mien. "And you," said Tigranes, addressing himself to his lady, "what do you think of Cyrus's aspect and deportment?" "I do not know," replied the lady, "I did not observe him." "Upon what object, then, did you fix your eyes?" "Upon him that said he would give a thousand lives to ransom my liberty."

The next day the King of Armenia sent presents to Cyrus, and refreshments for his whole army, and brought him double the sum of money he was required to furnish. But Cyrus took only what had been stipulated, and restored him the rest. The Armenian troops were ordered to be ready in three days' time, and Tigranes desired to command them.

Rollin.

XXIII.—THE MACEDONIAN EMPIRE.

1. AFTER the battle of Platæa, in which the army of the Persian king Xerxes was defeated and destroyed, the Greek states became the dominant power in the civilized world, and the Greek cities became centers of influence and art. Under Pericles, the successor of Themistocles, Athens, in richness and beauty of her palaces and temples, arrived at a point of excellence which far surpassed anything the world had before seen. But jealousies between different states led to civil wars that desolated the whole land, and in the next one hundred and fifty years scarcely any progress was made in adding to the national strength. While these bloody wars were going on principally between Sparta and Athens, the tribes of Macedonia, a region lying immediately north of Greece, were rapidly becoming civilized and consolidated. In 359 b. c. Philip became the reigning monarch.

2. He was very desirous of being considered as a Greek, invited distinguished men to his court, and ordered public rejoicings in his kingdom when his chariots had won the prize at the Olympic games. He was very clever, and cared little about the justice and honor of the means by which he attained his ends, which were, to hold in subjection all the rest of Greece, and to conquer Persia. In the first design he succeeded, for the latter he only prepared the way for his son. He had both to form his officers and his army. The first he attempted by bringing the young nobles to his court, and there instructing them; and in the last he succeeded in a remarkable manner.

3. The chief strength of the army, as he constituted it, was in the phalanx, a body of sixteen thousand foot soldiers, fully armed in the Greek fashion, with spears

twenty-four feet long. When drawn up in order of battle, the four front ranks held their spears pointing outward, and stood at such a space apart, that the foremost line had four spear-points between each man and the enemy, or on occasion they marched with their shields touching, so as to form an almost impenetrable wall.

4. As soon as Philip's designs against Greece were apparent, a strong spirit of resistance showed itself, and chiefly at Athens, where the great orator, Demosthenes, never ceased to rouse his countrymen to maintain their freedom. Demosthenes had trained himself in eloquence under great difficulties; he naturally either stammered, or had an indistinct pronunciation—a defect which he cured by speaking with pebbles in his mouth, and he used to rehearse his speeches to the roaring sea, in order to nerve himself against the clamors of a tumultuous assembly. He so far succeeded, that he often swayed the minds of the Athenians; his name stands as the first of orators, and his *Philippics*, as his discourses against Philip are called, are considered as models of rhetoric.

5. At Cheronæa, in 338, a battle was fought by Philip against the allied forces of the Athenians and Thebans. At one time the Athenians gained some advantage, but they used it so ill, that Philip, calling out to his troops, "They do not know how to conquer," made a sudden charge, and routed them with great slaughter. The battle of Cheronæa was the end of the independence of Greece, which from that time forward became subject to Macedon, in spite of its many struggles to shake off the yoke, and recover the liberty which had been lost for want of a firm, united, settled government.

6. The King of Macedon next commenced his arrangements for his other favorite scheme—the invasion of Asia; but in the year 336, in the midst of the feasts in

honor of his daughter's marriage, he was murdered by a young Macedonian noble, who was slain in the first anger of the surrounding guards, without having time to disclose the motive of his crime.

7. Alexander, son of Philip and his Epirot queen Olympias, was twenty years of age when he came to the throne. On the night of his birth the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was burned to the ground by a man named Erostratus, in the foolish desire of making himself notorious, and this Alexander liked to consider as an omen that he should himself kindle a flame in Asia.

8. He traced his descent from his father's side from Hercules, and by his mother's from Achilles, and throughout his boyhood he seems to have lived in a world of the old Greek poetry, sleeping with Homer's works under his pillow, and dreaming of deeds in which he should rival the fame of the victors of Troy. He was placed under the care of Aristotle, the great philosopher of Stagira, to whom, when Philip had written to announce Alexander's birth, he had said that he knew not whether most to rejoice at having a son, or that his son would have such a teacher as Aristotle.

9. From him the young Alexander learned to think deeply, to resolve firmly, and devise plans of government; by others he was instructed in all the graceful accomplishments of the Greeks, and under his father he was trained to act promptly. At fourteen he tamed the noble horse Bucephalus, which no one else dared to mount; two years later he rescued his father in a battle with the Scythians, and he commanded the cavalry at Cheronea, but he was so young at the time of his accession, that the Greeks thought they had nothing to fear from him.

10. There were very ungenerous rejoicings at Athens



Battle on the Granicus.

at the murder of Philip. Demosthenes, though he had just lost a daughter, crowned himself with a wreath of flowers, and came with great tokens of joy to announce it to the Athenians so soon after the event, as almost to excite a suspicion that he must have been concerned in the crime. But they found that their joy was unfounded, for no sooner did Thebes take up arms, than Alexander marched against it, destroyed the walls, killed many of the citizens, and blotted it out from the number of Greek cities. The other states did not dare to make any further opposition, and he was thus at leisure to prepare for the invasion of Persia.

11. Leaving Antipater as governor of Macedon, he set out in the spring of 334, at the head of thirty thousand infantry and four thousand five hundred cavalry, and bade farewell to his native land, which he was never to see again. He crossed the Hellespont, and was the first man to leap on Asiatic ground; then, while his forces were landing, he went to visit the spot which had so long been the object of his dreams—the village which marked the site of Troy. He offered a sacrifice at the tomb of Achilles, hung up his own shield in the temple, and took down one which was said to be a relic of the Greek conquerors, intending to have it always borne before him in battle.

12. His march was at first toward the east, along the shore of the Hellespont, until at the river Granicus he met the Persians drawn up on the other bank of the river, under the command of the satrap Memnon. Alexander himself, at the head of his cavalry, charged through the midst of the rapid stream, won the landing-place, and followed by the phalanx, quickly gained a complete victory.

13. All the neighboring country fell into his hands, and after taking possession of it, he changed his course,

marching along the shores of the *Aegean*, and taking all the towns. It was his first object to cut the Persians off from their seaports, and thus deprive them of the use of their fleet, which was so superior to his own, that he never ventured on one sea-fight.

14. This march round the western and southern coasts of *Asia Minor*, together with an expedition into the interior, occupied a year, and in the early part of the summer, he arrived at *Tarsus*, in *Cilicia*. Here, on entering the city, overwhelmed with heat and fatigue, he bathed in the cold waters of the *Cydnus*, and the chill brought on a violent fever, which nearly cost him his life. A letter was sent to warn him that his physician, *Philip*, had been bribed by the Persian king to poison him. While he was reading it the physician himself brought him a draught of medicine; the king put the letter into his hand, took the cup and drank it off, even before *Philip* could profess his innocence. In three days' time he was again able to appear at the head of his troops, and not before he was needed, for the enemy's army was near at hand, under King *Darius Codomanus* himself.

15. The Persians advanced in great state. First came a number of persons bearing silver altars, on which burned the sacred fire; then followed the *Magi*, and three hundred and sixty-five youths robed in scarlet, in honor of the days of the year. Next came the chariot and horses of the Sun, with their attendants, and afterward the army itself, the *Immortal Band*, with gold-handled lances, white robes, and jeweled corslets, and a host of others of less note, all far more fit for show than for battle. *Darius* himself, arrayed in purple robes and glittering with jewels, was in the midst, in a chariot covered with gold ornaments, and with him came his mother, *Sisygambis*, his principal wife, his daughters, a number of other ladies,

and a multitude of slaves. This unwieldy and useless host took up their position on the hilly ground above the city of Issus, where they were so entangled among the rocks, that their numbers were of little profit to them, and it was an easy victory for the Macedonians. No sooner did Darius see that the day was against him, than he turned his chariot and fled, leaving his family to fall into the hands of the conqueror, while he himself hastened to Babylon to collect another army.

16. Alexander treated the mother, wife, and children of Darius with great kindness and courtesy, sending an officer to assure them of his protection, and going the next morning to visit them, accompanied by his friend Hephaestion, a young man of his own age. Alexander, though of beautiful and noble countenance, and well formed for strength and activity, was rather short in stature, and as his dress was very simple, Sisygambis mistook Hephaestion for the King of Macedon, and threw herself on the ground before him; and she was greatly confused and distressed when she discovered her error; but Alexander said, as he raised her, "You were not deceived, for he is Alexander's other self." He gave her the name of mother, never sat down in her presence except at her request, and showed in every point a respect and courtesy such as she had probably never before received from the Asiatic princes, who always held women in contempt.

17. Pursuing his intention of first destroying the naval power of the Persian empire, Alexander next entered Phoenicia, and readily received the submission of Zidon, but Tyre refused to admit him within the walls. New Tyre, which was built after the seventy years' desolation which followed the conquest by Nebuchadnezzar, stood upon an island about half a mile from the shore, and was inhabited by a numerous and brave people, who

thought themselves secure from an enemy who had no fleet to bring against them.

18. Alexander was, however, not to be daunted by any difficulty. He at first attempted to build a causeway from the shore to the island, and when the Tyrians destroyed his works he went to Zidon and there obtained a fleet, by means of which he at length took the city after a seven months' siege. He stained his victory by a cruel slaughter, and made slaves of all whose lives were spared, excepting a few whom the Zidonians contrived to conceal in their ships. This was the final fall of the great merchant city, so often predicted by Isaiah and Ezekiel.

19. He then marched through the rest of Palestine, intending to punish Jerusalem, which had stood loyal to Darius, and refused to send him supplies. The Jews, on his approach, prayed for guidance and protection, and it was revealed to Jaddua, the high-priest, that he should open the gates and go forth in his sacred robes to receive the Grecian conqueror. It was accordingly done; and Jaddua, in the vestments of Aaron, came forth at the head of the choir of priests in white garments as Alexander and the Greeks mounted the hill toward the city. No sooner did the king meet the procession than he bent down to the ground in adoration, and walked in the midst of the priests to the temple, where a sacrifice was offered; and he not only spared the Jews, but showed them much favor.

20. He told his generals that before he left Macedon he had seen in a dream a figure exactly resembling that of the high-priest, which had foretold all his conquests. And surely there is little reason to doubt that such a revelation might be made to a conqueror marked out as clearly by prophecy as Nebuchadnezzar or Cyrus, before he set out on the work appointed for him. Both his predecessors in conquest, as soon as they came in contact with

the chosen people, were taught that they were the subjects of prophecy ; and Alexander, in his turn, was shown by Jaddua the prediction of Daniel, which spoke of him as a he-goat (the actual ensign of Macedon), “ Who came from the West, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns, and cast him down and trampled on him.” “ And the rough goat is the King of Grecia.”

21. He then proceeded southward, besieged and took Gaza, after a brave resistance, which he cruelly requited, and entered Egypt, subduing it with little difficulty. On one of the peninsulas formed by the mouth of the Nile, he founded a city, called after his name Alexandria, which became the capital of Egypt under its Greek rulers, and one of the most famous cities in the world. He made an expedition to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, on an oasis in the Libyan desert, and consulted the oracle there, and then after appointing a Macedonian satrap in Egypt, retraced his steps toward the Holy Land, and marched toward Babylonia, where Darius was again collecting his forces to oppose him.

Charlotte M. Yonge.

XXIV.—ALEXANDER'S CONQUESTS.

1. ALEXANDER crossed the Euphrates and Tigris without opposition, and the decisive battle did not take place till he reached the plain of Arbela, where the Persians were drawn up to receive him. The Macedonians wished to make a night attack, but Alexander would not permit it, saying that he disdained to steal a victory, and the combat took place the next day.

2. The present army of Persians was drawn from the

more remote regions of Bactria and Parthia, where the men were more warlike, and they fought better than any whom the Macedonians had before encountered ; but Darius himself fled early in the day, leaving behind him his bow and shield ; his men lost courage, and followed him, and Alexander was left master of the field of Arbela.

3. This battle placed in his power all the western part of the Persian empire, and he had only to march to the great cities of Babylon, Susa, Ecbatana, and Persepolis, to take possession of the huge stores of treasures there heaped up by the Persian kings, which he now distributed among his followers with royal bounty. The unfortunate Darius escaped into Bactria, where two satraps, in whom he had confided, treacherously seized him and made him prisoner, carrying him along with them as they fled before Alexander, until at length, being closely pressed by the Greeks, they threw their darts at him, and left him lying on the ground mortally wounded.

4. He was still alive when some of the Greeks came up, but died before the arrival of Alexander. The conqueror wept as he beheld the corpse of the last of a line of such great princes ; he threw his own cloak over it, and sent it to Babylon, where it was buried with great magnificence.

5. The wife of Darius had died a prisoner, but Sisygambis still remained with her grandchildren at Babylon. Only once does Alexander seem to have hurt her feelings, and this was through ignorance of Persian customs. He showed her some robes of his sister's own weaving and embroidery, and offered to have her grand-daughters instructed in the same art, at which she wept, since Persian ladies deemed such employments work fit only for slaves and captives, and Alexander was obliged to explain how



Alexander at the Dead Body of Darius.

honorably the loom and needle were esteemed by his own countrywomen.

6. Alexander was much attached to his own mother, Olympias, and portions of his letters to her have come down to our time. She was a proud and violent woman, who often interfered with Antipater, governor of Macedonia, and caused him to send many complaints to the king: "Ah!" said Alexander, "Antipater does not know that one tear of a mother will blot out ten thousand of his letters."

7. Alexander had indeed an open and affectionate heart, but he was fast becoming too much uplifted by his successes. On Darius's death, he took the state as well as the title of a king of Persia, wore the tiara and robes, and claimed from the Macedonians the same servile tokens of homage as were paid by the eastern nations, thus causing perpetual heart-burnings among them, since they could neither endure to see their king exalted so much further above them, nor to be placed on the same level with the barbarians whom they despised.

8. Their jealousies troubled Alexander from the time he assumed the tiara of Persia. He found it impossible to raise the condition of the Persians, and treat them with favor, without offending the Macedonians, and his temper did not always endure these provocations. The worst action of his life was the sentencing to death, on a false accusation, the wise old General Parmenio, and his son; and in a fit of passion at a riotous banquet, he slew, with his own hand, his friend Clitus, his nurse's son, who had saved his life at the battle of Granicus. It was the deed of a moment of drunken violence, and he bitterly lamented it, shutting himself up for several days without allowing any one to approach him, and paying all honors to the memory of his murdered friend.

9. His pride and vain-glory went so far, that he declared that the oracle of Jupiter Ammon had announced that he was the son of Jupiter, and sent to Greece to desire to be enrolled among the gods in his life-time. Some of the Greeks were shocked at his profanity, others laughed at him ; but all the Spartans said was, "If Alexander will be a god, let him."

10. The next four years were the most laborious of Alexander's life. He pursued the murderers of Darius into Bactria and Sogdiana, avenged his death, and reduced the numerous hill-forts as far as the frontier of Seythia. Fierce insurrections broke out among the wild tribes of Sogdiana, which it required all his activity and judgment to quell, and more than once provoked him into cruelty, though in general, conqueror as he was, he was no spoiler, but wherever he went founded cities, and tried to teach the Persians the civilized arts of Greece.

11. In 326 he set out for India, as the region was called round the river Indus. Here the inhabitants were warlike, and Porus, king of a portion of the country, made a brave resistance, but was at length defeated and taken prisoner. On being brought before Alexander he said he had nothing to ask, save to be treated as a king. "That I shall do for my own sake," said Alexander, and accordingly not only set him at liberty, but enlarged his territory.

12. All these Indian nations brought a tribute of elephants, which the Macedonians now for the first time learned to employ in war. Alexander wished to proceed into Hindostan, a country hitherto entirely unknown, but his soldiers grew so discontented at the prospect of being led so much farther from home, into the utmost parts of the earth, that he was obliged to give up his attempt, and

very unwillingly turned back from the banks of the Sut-lej.

13. While returning, he besieged a little town belonging to a tribe called the Malli, and believed to be the present city of Mooltan. He was the first to scale the wall, and after four others had mounted, the ladder broke, and he was left standing on the wall, a mark for the darts of the enemy. He instantly leaped down within the wall into the midst of the Malli, and there setting his back against a fig-tree, defended himself until a barbed arrow deeply pierced his breast, and, after trying to keep up a little longer, he sunk, fainting, on his shield. His four companions sprung down after him—two were slain, but the others held their shields over him till the rest of the army succeeded in breaking into the town and coming to the rescue.

14. His wound was severe and dangerous, but he at length recovered, sailed down to the mouth of the Indus, and sent a fleet to survey the Persian Gulf, while he himself marched along the shore. The country was bare and desert, and his army suffered dreadfully from heat, thirst, and hunger, while he readily shared all their privations. A little water was once brought him on a parching day, as a great prize, but since there was not enough for all, he poured it out on the sand, lest his faithful followers should feel themselves more thirsty when they saw him drink alone.

15. At last he safely arrived at Caramania, whence he returned to the more inhabited and wealthy parts of Persia, held his court with great magnificence at Susa, and then went to Babylon. Here embassies met him from every part of the known world, bringing gifts and homage, and above all, there arrived from the Greek states the much desired promise that he should be hon-

ored as a god. He was at the highest pitch of worldly greatness to which mortal man had yet attained, and his



Alexander the Great.

designs were reaching yet further; but his hour was come, and at Babylon, the home of pride, "the great horn" was to be broken.

16. In the marshes into which the Euphrates had spread since its channel was altered by Cyrus, there breathed a noxious air, and a few weeks after Alexander's arrival, he was attacked by a fever, perhaps increased by intemperance. He bore up against it as long as possible, continued to offer sacrifices daily, though with increasing difficulty, and summoned his officers to arrange plans for his intended expedition; but his strength failed him on the ninth day, and though he called them together as usual, he could not address them. Perhaps he thought in that hour of the prophecy he had seen at Jerusalem, that the empire he had toiled to raise should be divided, for he is reported to have said that there would be a mighty contest at his funeral games. He made no attempt to name a successor, but he took off his signet-ring, placed it on the finger of Perdiccas, one of his generals, and a short time after expired, in the thirty-third year of his age, and the twelfth of his reign.

17. There was a voice of wailing throughout the city that night. The Babylonians shut up their houses, and trembled at the neighborhood of the fierce Greek soldiery, now that their protector was dead; the Macedonians stood to arms all night, as if in presence of the enemy; and when in the morning the officers assembled in the palace council chamber, bitter and irrepressible was the burst of lamentation that broke out at the sight of the vacant throne, where lay the crown, scepter, and royal robes, and where Perdiccas now placed the signet-ring. More deeply than all mourned the prisoner, the aged Sisygambis, who covered her face with a black veil, sat down in a corner of her room, refused all entreaties to speak or to eat, and expired five days after Alexander.

18. Nor did the Persians soon cease to lament the conqueror, who had ruled them more beneficently than their

own monarchs had done; their traditions made Alexander a prince of their own, and adorned him with every virtue valued in the East. That he had many great faults has already been shown, and, of course, by the rules of justice, his conquests were but reckless gratifications of his own ambition; but he was a high-minded, generous man, open of heart, free of hand, and for the most part acting up to his knowledge of right; and if unbridled power, talent of the highest order, and glory such as none before or since has ever attained, inflamed his passions, and elated him with pride, still it is not for us to judge severely of one who had such great temptations, and so little to guide him aright.

Charlotte M. Yonge.

*XXV.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS, THE HEBREW
WILLIAM TELL.*

1. THE kingdom of Judah escaped destruction at the hands of Sennacherib, but its respite was short. Soon afterward Babylon, closely related to Assyria, and the heir of its dominion, swept into captivity in distant Mesopotamia nearly all that were left of Hebrew stock. For a time, the nation seemed to have been wiped from the face of the earth. The ten tribes of Israel that had been first dragged forth never returned to Judea, and their ultimate fate, after the destruction of Nineveh, whose splendor they had in their servitude done so much to enhance, was that of homeless wanderers. The harp of Judah, silent upon the devastated banks of the Jordan, was hung upon the Babylonian willows, for how could the exiles sing the Lord's song in a strange land! But

the cry went forth at length that Babylon had fallen in her turn, just as destruction had before overtaken Nineveh. In the middle of the sixth century b. c., Cyrus the Mede made a beginning of restoring the exiles, who straightway built anew the Temple walls.

2. In David's time, the population of Palestine must have numbered several millions, and it largely increased during the succeeding reigns. Multitudes, however, had perished by the sword, and other multitudes were retained in strange lands. Scarcely fifty thousand found their way back in the time of Cyrus to the desolate site of Jerusalem, but, one hundred years later, the number was increased by a re-enforcement under Ezra. From this nucleus, with astonishing vitality, a new Israel was presently developed. With weapons always at hand to repel the freebooters of the desert, they constructed once more the walls of Jerusalem. Through all their harsh experience their feelings of nationality had not been at all abated ; their blood was untouched by foreign admixture, though some Gentile ideas had entered into the substance of their faith. The conviction that they were the chosen people of God was as unshaken as in the ancient time. With pride as indomitable as ever, intrenched within their little corner of Syria, they confronted the hostile world.

3. But a new contact was at hand, far more memorable even than that with the nations of Mesopotamia—a contact whose consequences affect at the present hour the condition of the greater part of the human race. In the year 332 b. c., the high-priest, Jaddua, at Jerusalem, was in an agony, not knowing how he should meet certain new invaders of the land, before whom Tyre, and Gaza, the old Philistine stronghold, had fallen, and who were now marching upon the city of David. But God

warned him in a dream that he should take courage, adorn the city, and open the gates; that the people should appear in white garments of peace, but that he and the priests should meet the strangers in the robes of their office. At length, at the head of a sumptuous train of generals and tributary princes, a young man of twenty-four, upon a beautiful steed, rode forward from the way going down to the sea to the spot which may still be seen, called, anciently, Scopus, the prospect, because from that point one approaching could behold, for the first time, Jerusalem crowned by the Temple rising fair upon the heights of Zion and Moriah.

4. The youth possessed a beauty of a type in those regions hitherto little known. As compared with the swarthy Syrians in his suite, his skin was white; his features were stamped with the impress of command, his eyes filled with an intellectual light. With perfect horsemanship he guided the motions of his charger. A fine grace marked his figure, set off with a cloak, helmet, and gleaming arms, as he expressed with animated gestures his exultation over the spectacle before him. But now, down from the heights came the procession of the priests and the people. The multitude proceeded in their robes of white; the priests stood clothed in fine linen; while the high-priest, in attire of purple and scarlet, upon his breast the great breastplate of judgment with its jewels, upon his head the mitre marked with the plate of gold whereon was engraved the name of God, led the train with venerable dignity.

5. Now, says the historian, when the Phœnicians and Chaldeans that followed Alexander thought that they should have liberty to plunder the city, and torment the high-priest to death, the very reverse happened; for the young leader, when he saw the multitude in the distance,

and the figure of the high-priest before, approached him by himself, saluted him, and adored the name, which was graven upon the plate of the mitre. Then a captain, named Parmino, asked him how it came to pass that, when all others adored him, he should adore the high-priest of the Jews. To whom the leader replied : "I do not adore him, but that God who hath honored him with his high-priesthood ; for I saw this very person in a dream, in this very habit, when I was at Dios in Macedonia, who, when I was considering how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army, and could give me the dominion over the Persians." Then, when Alexander had given the high-priest his right hand, the priests ran along by him and he came into the city, and he offered sacrifice to God in the Temple, according to the high-priest's direction, and magnificently treated both the high-priest and the priests. He granted all the multitude desired ; and when he said to them that if any of them would enlist themselves in his army on this condition, that they should continue under the laws of their forefathers, he was willing to take them with him, many were ready to accompany him in his wars.

6. But this Aryan troop that went southward is less interesting to us than companies that departed westward, for in these westward marching bands went the primeval forefathers from whose venerable loins we ourselves have proceeded. They passed into Western Asia, and from Asia into Europe—each migrating multitude impelled by a new swarm sent forth from the parent hive behind. At the head of the Adriatic Sea an Aryan troop had divided, sending down into the eastern peninsula the ancestors of the Greeks, and into the western peninsula

the train destined to establish upon the seven hills the power of Rome. Already the Aryan pioneers, the Celts, on the outmost rocks of the western coast of Europe, were fretting against the barrier of storm and sea, across which they were not to find their way for many ages. Already Phoenician merchants, trading for amber in the far-off Baltic, had become aware of the wild Aryan tribes pressing to the northwest—the Teutons and Goths. Already, perhaps, upon the outlying spur of the Ural range, still other Aryans had fixed their hold, the progenitors of the Slav. The aboriginal savage of Europe was already nearly extinct. His lance of flint had fallen harmless from the Aryan buckler; his rude altars had become displaced by the shrines of the new gods. In the Mediterranean Sea each sunny isle and pleasant promontory had long been in Aryan hands, and now in the wintry forests to the northward the resistless multitudes had more recently fixed their seats.

7. In the Macedonians, the Aryans, having established their dominion in Europe, march back upon the track which their forefathers long before had followed westward; and now it is that the Hebrews become involved with the race that from that day to this has been the master-race of the world. It was a contact taking place under circumstances, it would seem, the most auspicious—the venerable old man and the beautiful Greek youth clasping hands, the ruthless followers of the conqueror baffled in their hopes of booty, the multitudes of Jerusalem, in their robes of peace, filling the air with acclamations, as Alexander rode from the place of prospect, upon the heights of Zion, into the solemn precincts of the Temple.

8. The successors of Alexander the Great made the Jews a link between the Hellenic populations that had become widely scattered throughout the East by the

Macedonian conquests, and the great barbarian races among whom the Greeks had placed themselves. The dispersion of the Jews, which had already taken place to such an extent through the Assyrian and Babylonian conquests, went forward now more vigorously. Throughout Western Asia they were found everywhere, but it was in Egypt that they attained the highest prosperity and honor. The one city, Alexandria alone, is said to have contained at length a million Jews, whom the Greek kings of Egypt, the Ptolemies, preferred in every way to the native population. Elsewhere, too, they were favored, and hence they were everywhere hated; and the hatred assumed a deeper bitterness from the fact that the Jew always remained a Jew, marked in garb, in feature, in religious faith, always scornfully asserting the claim that he was the chosen of the Lord. Palestine became incorporated with the empire of the Seleucidæ, the Macedonian princes to whom had fallen Western Asia. Oppression at last succeeded the earlier favor, the defenses of Jerusalem were demolished, and the Temple defiled with pagan ceremonies; and now it is that we reach some of the finest figures in Hebrew history, the great highpriests, the Maccabees.

9. There dwelt at the town of Modin a priest, Mattathias, the descendant of Asmonæus, to whom had been born five sons—John, Simon, Judas Maccabæus, or the Hammer, Eleazar, and Jonathan. Mattathias lamented the ravaging of the land and the plunder of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes, and when, in the year 167 b. c., the Macedonian king sent to Modin to have sacrifices offered, the Asmonæan returned a spirited reply. "Thou art a ruler," said the king's officers, "and an honorable and great man in this city, and strengthened with sons and brethren. Now, therefore, come thou first: so shalt

thou and thy house be in number of the king's friends, and thou and thy children shall be honored with silver and gold and many rewards." But Mattathias replied with a loud voice: "Though all the nations that are under the king's dominions obey him, and fall away every one from the religion of their fathers, yet will I and my sons and my brethren, walk in the covenant of our fathers. God forbid that we should forsake the law and the ordinances! We will not hearken to the king's words to go from our religion, either on the right hand or the left."

10. An heroic struggle for freedom at once began, which opened for the Jews full of sadness. An apostate Jew, approaching to offer sacrifice in compliance with the command of Antiochus, was at once slain by Mattathias, who struck down also Apelles, the king's general, with some of his soldiers. As he fled with his sons into the desert, leaving his substance behind him, many of the faithful Israelites followed, pursued by the Macedonians seeking revenge. The oppressors knew well how to choose their time. Attacking on the Sabbath-day, when, according to old tradition, it was a transgression even to defend one's life, a thousand with their wives and children were burned and smothered in the caves in which they had taken refuge. But Mattathias, rallying those that remained, taught them to fight on the Sabbath, and at all times. The heathen altars were overthrown, the breakers of the law were slain, the uncircumcised boys were everywhere circumcised. But the fullness of time approached for Mattathias; after a year his day of death had come, and these were his parting words to his sons: "I know that your brother Simon is a man of counsel; give ear unto him always; he shall be a father unto you. As for Judas Maccabæus, he hath been mighty and strong even from his youth up; let him be your captain and fight

the battles of the people. Admit among you the righteous."

11. No sooner had the father departed, than it appeared that the captain whom he had designated was a man as mighty as the great champions of old, Joshua and Gideon and Samson. He forthwith smote with defeat Apollonius, the general in the Samaritan country, and when he had slain the Greek he took his sword for his own. Seron, general of the army in Cœle-Syria, came against him with a host of Macedonians strengthened by apostate Jews. The men of Judas Maccabæus were few in number, without food, and faint-hearted, but he inspired them with his own zeal, and overthrew the new foes at Bethoron. King Antiochus, being now called eastward to Persia, committed military matters in Palestine to the viceroy, Lysias, with orders to take an army with elephants and conquer Judea, enslave its people, destroy Jerusalem, and abolish the nation. At once the new invaders were upon the land; of foot-soldiers there were forty thousand, of horsemen seven thousand, and as they advanced many Syrians and renegade Jews joined them. Merchants marched with the army, with money to buy the captives as slaves, and chains with which to bind those whom they purchased. But Judas Maccabæus was no whit dismayed. Causing his soldiers to array themselves in sackcloth, he made them pray to Jehovah. He dismissed those lately married, and those who had newly come into great possessions, as likely to be faint-hearted. After addressing those that remained, he set them in the ancient order of battle, and waited the opportunity to strike.

12. The hostile general, fancying he saw an opportunity to surprise the little band of Hebrews, sent a portion of his host against them, by secret ways at night.

But the spies of Judas were out. Leaving the fires burning brightly in his camp, to lure forward those who were commissioned to attack him, he rushed forth under the shadows against the main body, weakened by the absence of the detachment. He forced their position, though strongly defended, overcame the army ; then turned back to scatter utterly the other party who were seeking him in the abandoned camp. He took great booty of gold and silver, and of raiment purple and blue. He marched home in great joy to the villages of Judea, singing hymns to God, as was done in the days of Miriam, long before, because they had triumphed gloriously.

13. The next year Lysias advanced from Antioch, the Syrian capital, with a force of sixty-five thousand. Judas Maccabæus, with ten thousand, overthrew his vanguard, upon which the viceroy, terrified at the desperate fighting, retired to assemble a still greater army. For a time there was a respite from war, during which Judas counseled the people to purify the Temple. The Israelites, overjoyed at the revival of their ancient customs, the restoration of the old worship in all its purity, and the relief from foreign oppressors, celebrated for eight days a magnificent festival. The lamps in the Temple porches were rekindled to the sound of instruments and the chant of the Levites. But one vial of oil could be found, when, lo, a miracle ! the one vial sufficed for the supply of the seven-branched golden candlestick for a week. This ancient Maccabæan festival faithful Jews still celebrate under the name of the Hanoukhah, the Feast of Lights.

14. Judas subdues also the Idumeans of the southward, and the Ammonites. His brethren, too, have become mighty men of valor. Jonathan crosses the Jordan with him and campaigns against the tribes to the eastward. Eleazar is a valiant soldier, and Simon carries

succor to the Jews in Galilee. But at length the Macedonian is again at hand, more terrible than before. The foot are a hundred thousand, the horse twenty thousand; and as rallying-points, thirty-two elephants tower among the ranks. About each one of the huge beasts is collected a troop of a thousand foot and five hundred horse; high turrets upon their backs are occupied by archers; their great flanks and limbs are cased in plates of steel. The host show their golden and brazen shields, making in the sun a glorious splendor, and shout in exultation so that the mountains echo. In the battle that follows Fortune does not altogether favor the Jews. In particular, the champion Eleazar lays down his life. He had attacked the largest elephant, a creature covered with plated armor, and carrying upon his back a whole troop of combatants, among whom it was believed that the king himself fought. Eleazar had slain those in the neighborhood, then, creeping beneath the belly of the elephant, had pierced him. As the brute fell, Eleazar was crushed in the fall. Judas was forced to retire within the defenses of Jerusalem, where still further disaster seemed likely to overcome him. Dissensions among themselves, however, weakened the Macedonians. Peace was offered the Jews, and permission to live according to the law of their fathers—proposals which were gladly accepted, although the invaders razed the defenses of the Temple.

15. The peace was not enduring. New Macedonian invasions followed; new Hebrew successes, the Maccabees and their partisans making up, by their fierce zeal, their military skill, and dauntless valor, for their want of numbers. But a sad day came at last. Judas, twenty times outnumbered, confronts the leader Bacchides in Galilee. The Greek sets horsemen on both wings, his light troops and archers before the heavier phalanx, and takes his own

station on the right. The Jewish hero is valiant as ever ; the right wing of the enemy turns to flee. The left and center, however, encompass him, and he falls, fighting gloriously, having earned a name of the most skillful and valorous of the world's great vindicators of freedom.

James K. Hoerner. "The Story of the Jews."

Putnam's "Stories of the Nations" Series.



ROMAN RECORD.

XXVI.—TARQUIN THE WICKED.

1. FOR his tyranny King Tarquin was banished from Rome about 500 b. c., and after his expulsion he sent messengers to Rome to ask that his property should be given up to him, and the senate decreed that his prayer should be granted. But the king's ambassadors, while they were in Rome, stirred up the minds of the young men and others who had been favored by Tarquin, so that a plot was made to bring him back. Among those who plotted were Titus and Tiberius, the sons of the consul Brutus; and they gave letters to the messengers of the king. But it chanced that a certain slave hid himself in the place where they met, and overheard them plotting; and he came and told the thing to the consuls, who seized the messengers of the king with the letters upon their persons, authenticated by the seals of the young men. The culprits were immediately arrested;

but the ambassadors were let go, because their persons were regarded as sacred. And the goods of King Tarquin were given up for plunder to the people.

2. Then the traitors were brought up before the consuls, and the sight was such as to move all beholders to pity ; for among them were the sons of Lucius Junius Brutus himself, the first consul, the liberator of the Roman people. And now all men saw how Brutus loved his country ; for he bade the lictors put all the traitors to death, and his own sons first ; and men could mark in his face the struggle between his duty as a chief magistrate of Rome and his feelings as a father. And while they praised and admired him they pitied him yet more. This was the first attempt to restore Tarquin the Proud.

3. When Tarquin saw that the plot at home had failed, he prevailed on the people of Tarquinii and Veii to make war with him against the Romans. But the consuls came out against them ; Valerius commanding the main army, and Brutus the cavalry. And it chanced that Aruns, the king's son, led the cavalry of the enemy. When he saw Brutus, he spurred his horse against him, and Brutus did not decline the combat. They rode straight at each other with leveled spears ; and so fierce was the shock, that they pierced each other through from breast to back, and both fell dead.

4. Then, also, the armies fought, but the battle was neither won nor lost. But in the night a voice was heard by the Etruscans, saying that the Romans were the conquerors. So the enemy fled by night ; and when the Romans arose in the morning, there was no man to oppose them. Then they took up the body of Brutus, and departed home, and buried him in public with great pomp.

5. And thus the second attempt to restore King Tarquin was frustrated. After the death of Brutus, Valerius,

the remaining consul, ruled the people for awhile by himself, and began to build himself a house upon the ridge called Velia, which looks down upon the forum. So the people thought that he was going to make himself king; but when he heard this, he called an assembly of the people, and appeared before them with his fasces lowered, and with no axes in them, whence the custom remained ever after, that no consular lictors wore axes within the city, and no consul had power of life and death except when he was in command of his legions abroad. And he pulled down the beginning of his house upon the Velia, and built it below that hill. Also, he passed laws that every Roman citizen might appeal to the people against the judgment of the chief magistrates. Wherefore he was greatly honored among the people, and was called *Poplicola*, or *Friend of the People*.

6. After this Valerius called together the great assembly of the centuries, and they chose Spurius Lucretius, father of Lucretius, to succeed Brutus. But he was an old man, and not many days afterward he died, and Marcus Horatius was chosen in his stead.

7. The temple on the Capitol which King Tarquin began had never yet been consecrated. Then Valerius and Horatius drew lots which should be the consecrator, and the lot fell on Horatius. But the friends of Valerius murmured, and they wished to prevent Horatius from having the honor; so, when he was now saying the prayer of consecration, with his hand upon the door-post of the temple, there came a messenger who told him that his son was just dead, and that one mourning for a son could not rightly consecrate the temple. But Horatius kept his hand upon the door-post, and told them to see to the burial of his son, and finished the rite of consecration. Thus did he honor the gods even above his own son.

8. In the next year Valerius was again made consul, with Titus Lucretius; and Tarquin, despairing now of aid from his friends at Veii and Tarquinii, went to Lars Porsena of Clusium, a city on the river Clanis, which falls into the Tiber. Porsena was, at this time, acknowledged as chief of the twelve Etruscan cities; and he assembled a powerful army and came to Rome. He came so quickly that he reached the Tiber, and was near the Sublician Bridge before there was time to destroy it; and if he had crossed it the city would have been lost.

9. Then, a noble Roman, called Horatius Cocles, of the Lucerian tribe, with two friends—Spurius Lartius, a Ramnian, and Titus Herminius, a Titian—posted themselves at the far end of the bridge, and defended the passage against all the Etruscan host, while the Romans were cutting it off behind them. When it was all but destroyed, his two friends retreated across the bridge, and Horatius was left alone to bear the whole attack of the enemy. He kept his ground, standing unmoved amid the darts which were showered upon his shield, till the last beams of the bridge fell crashing into the river. Then he prayed, saying, “Father Tiber, receive me, and bear me up I pray thee.” He then plunged in, and reached the other side safely; and the Romans honored him greatly: they put up his statue in the Comitium, and gave him as much land as he could plow round in a day, and every man at Rome subscribed the cost of one day’s food to reward him.

Liddell.

10. This story is told in very spirited verse by Macaulay, in his poem of Horatius:

HORATIUS.

1. **FAST** by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sate in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.
2. But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spate toward him and hissed ;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.
3. But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low ;
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
“Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ?”
4. Then out spoke brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate :
“To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods !



Horatius.

5. "Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"
6. Then out spoke Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spoke strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."
7. The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes.
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.
8. Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,

Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

9. Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath ;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth ;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.
10. But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 “Come back, come back, Horatius,”
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 “Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !”
11. Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back :
 And as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the further shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.
12. But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream ;

And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

13. Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
 “Now yield thee to our grace.”
14. Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.
15. “Oh, Tiber ! Father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
 Take thou in charge this day !”
So he spoke, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
 Plunged headlong in the tide.
16. But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ;
 And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

17. And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the fathers,
To press his gory hands ;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.
18. And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.
19. And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;
20. When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit ;

When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

21. When the goodman mends his armor,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom ;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

Macaulay.



XXVII.—THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

1. THE establishment of the republic marked an era in the history of Rome. The people had decreed, that for them there never should be a king, and the law was kept to the letter ; though, if they meant that supreme authority should never be held among them by one man, it was violated many times. The story of Rome is unique in the history of the world, for it is not the record of the life of one great country, but of a city that grew to be

strong, and successfully established its authority over many countries.

2. The most ancient and the most remote from the sea of the cities of Latium, Rome soon became the most influential, and began to combine in itself the traits of the peoples near it; but owing to the singular strength and rare impressiveness of the national character, these were assimilated, and the inhabitant of the capital remained distinctively a Roman in spite of his intimate association with men of different origin and training.

3. The citizen of Rome was practical, patriotic, and faithful to obligation; he loved to be governed by inflexible law; and it was a fundamental principle with him that the individual should be subordinate to the state. His kings were either organizers, like Numa and Ancus-Marcius, or warriors like Romulus and Tullus Hostilius; they either made laws, like Servius, or they enforced them with the despotism of Tarquinius Superbus. It is difficult for us to conceive of such majestic power emanating from a territory so insignificant.

4. We hardly realize that Latium did not comprise a territory quite fifty miles by one hundred in extent, and that it was but a hundred miles from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. It was but a short walk from Rome to the territory of the Etruscans, and when Tarquin found an asylum at Cære, he did not separate himself by twenty miles from the scene of his tyranny. Ostia was scarcely more distant, and one might have ridden before the first meal of the day to Lavinium, or Alba, or Veii, or to Ardea, the ancient city of the Rutuli. It is important to keep these facts in mind as we read the story of the remarkable city.

5. All towns were built on hills in these early days, for safety in case of war, as well as because the valleys

were insalubrious, but this was not a peculiarity of the Romans, for in New England in the late ages of our own ancestors, they were obliged to follow the same custom. On the tops and slopes of seven hills, as they liked to remind themselves, the Romans built their city. They were not impressive elevations, though their sides were sharp and rocky, for the loftiest rose less than three hundred



Ancient Roman Monument.

feet above the sea-level. Their summits were crowned with groves of beech trees and oaks, and in the lower lands grew osiers and other smaller varieties.

6. The earlier occupations of the Roman people were war and agriculture, or the pasturage of flocks and herds. They raised grapes and made wines; they cultivated the oil-olive, and knew the use of its fruit. They found copper in their soil, and made a pound of it their unit of value, but it was so cheap that ten thousand pounds of it were required to buy a war-horse, though cattle and sheep

were much lower. They yoked their oxen and called the path they occupied a *jugerum* (*jugum*—a cross-beam or a yoke), and this in time came to be their familiar standard of square measure, containing about two-thirds of an acre. Two of these were assigned to a citizen, and seven were the narrow limit to which only one's landed possessions were for a long time allowed to extend. In time commerce was added to the pursuits of the men, and with it came fortunes and improved dwellings, and public buildings. Laziness and luxury were frowned upon by the early Romans. Mistress and maid worked together in the affairs of the household, like Lucretia and other noble women of whom history tells, and the man did not hesitate to hold the plow, as the example of Cincinnatus will show us. Time was precious, and thrift and economy were necessary to success. The father was the autocrat in the household, and exercised his power with stern rigidity.

7. Art was backward, and came from abroad ; of literature there was none, long after Greece had passed its period of heroic poetry. The dwellings of the citizens were low and insignificant, though, as time passed on, they became more massive and important. The vast public structures of the later kings were comparable to the task-work of the builders of the Egyptian pyramids, and they still strike us with astonishment. and surprise.

8. The religion of these strong conquerors was narrow, severe, and dreary. The early fathers worshiped native deities only. They recognized gods everywhere—in the home, in the grove, and on the mountain. They erected their altars on the hills ; they had their lares and penates to watch over their hearth-stones, and their vestal virgins kept everlasting vigil near the never-dying fires in the temples. With the art of Greece that made itself felt through Etruria, came also the influence of the Grecian

mythology, and Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva found a shrine on the top of the Capitoline, where the first statue of a deity was erected. The mysterious sibylline books are also a mark of the Grecian influence, coming from Cumæ, a colony of Magna Græcia.

9. During the period we have considered, the city passed through five distinct stages of political organization. The government at first was an elective monarchy, the electors being a patriarchal aristocracy. After the invasion of the Sabines there was a union with that people, the sovereignty being held by rulers chosen from each, but it was not long before Rome became the head of a federal state. The Tarquins established a monarchy, which rapidly degenerated into an offensive tyranny, which aroused rebellion and at last led to the republic.

10. During all these changes, the original aristocrats and their descendants held their position as the *Populus Romanus*, the Roman people, insisting that every one else must belong to an inferior order, and, as no body of men is willing to be condemned to a hopelessly subordinate position in a state, there was a perpetual antagonism between the patricians and the plebeians, between the aristocracy and the commonalty. This led to a temporary change under *Servius Tullius*, when property took the place of pedigree in establishing a man's rank and influence; but owing to the peculiar method of voting adopted, the power of the commons was not greatly increased. However, they had made their influence felt, and were encouraged.

11. The overturning of the scheme by Tarquin favored a union of the two orders for the punishment of that tyrant, and they combined; but it was only for a time. When the danger had been removed, the tie was found broken and the antagonism rather increased, so that the subse-

quent history for five generations, though exceedingly interesting, is largely a record of the struggles of the commons for relief from the burdens laid upon them by the aristocrats.

12. The father passed down to his son the story of the oppression of the patricians, and the son told the same



Roman Private Life.

sad narrative to his offspring. The mother mourned with her daughter over the sufferings brought upon them by the rich, for whom their poor father and brothers were

obliged to fight the battles, while they were not allowed to share the spoil, nor to divide the lands gained by their own prowess. The struggle was not so much between patrician and plebeian as between the rich and the poor. It was intimately connected with the uses of money in those times. What could the rich Roman do with his accumulations? He might buy land or slaves, or he might become a lender; to a certain extent he could use his surplus in commerce; but of these its most remunerative employment was found in usury. As there were no laws regulating the rates of interest, they became exorbitant, and as it was customary to compound it, debts rapidly grew beyond the possibility of payment. As the rich made the laws they naturally exerted their ingenuity to frame them in such a way as to enable the lender to collect his dues with promptness and with little regard for the feelings or interests of the debtor.

13. It is difficult, if not impossible, for us to form a proper conception of the magnitude of the wrongs involved in the system of money-lending at Rome during the period of the republic. The small farmers were ever needy, and came to their wealthy neighbors for accommodation loans. If these were not paid when due, the debtor was liable to be locked up in prison, to be sold into slavery, with his children, wife, and grandchildren; and the heartless law reads, that in case the estate should prove insufficient to satisfy all claims, the creditors were actually authorized to cut the body to pieces, that each Shylock might take the pound of flesh that he claimed.

14. At last the severity of the lenders overreached itself. It was in the year 495 B. C., that a poor but brave debtor, one who had been at the very front in the wars, broke out of his prison, and while the wind flaunted his rags in the face of the populace, clanked his chains and told the

story of his calamities so effectually in words of natural eloquence, that the commons were aroused to madness, and resolved at last to make a vigorous effort, and seek redress for their wrongs in a way that could not be resisted.

15. The form of this man stands out forever on the pages of Roman history, as he entered the forum with all the badges of his misery upon him. His pale and emaciated body was but partially covered by his wretched tatters; his long hair played about his shoulders, and his glaring eyes and the grizzled beard hanging down before him added to his savage wildness. As he passed along he uncovered the scars of near two score battles that remained upon his breast, and explained to inquirers that while he had been serving in the Sabine war, his house had been pillaged and burned by the enemy; that when he had returned to enjoy the sweets of the peace he had helped to win, he had found that his cattle had been driven off, and a tax imposed.

16. To meet the debts that thronged upon him and the interest by which they were aggravated, he had stripped himself of his ancestral farms. Finally, pestilence had overtaken him, and as he was not able to work, his creditor had placed him in a house of detention, the savage treatment in which was shown by the fresh stripes upon his bleeding back.

17. At the moment a war was imminent, and the forum—the entire city, in fact—already excited, was filled with the uproar of the angry plebeians. Many confined for debt broke from their prison-houses and ran from all quarters into the crowds to claim protection. The majesty of the consuls was insufficient to preserve order, and while the discord was rapidly increasing horsemen rushed into the gates announcing that an enemy was actually upon them, marching to besiege the city. The

plebeians saw that their opportunity had arrived, and when proud Appius Claudius called upon them to enroll their names for the war, they refused the summons, saying that the patricians might fight their own battles ; that for themselves it was better to perish together at home rather than to go to the field and die separated.

18. Threatened with war beyond the gates, and with riot at home, the patricians were forced to promise to redress the civil grievances. It was ordered that no one could seize or sell the goods of a soldier while he was in camp, or arrest his children, and that no one should detain a citizen in prison or in chains, so as to hinder him from enlisting in the army. When this was known, the released prisoners volunteered in numbers, and entered upon the war with enthusiasm. The legions were victorious, and when peace was declared, the plebeians anxiously looked for the ratification of the promises made to them.

19. Their expectations were disappointed. They had, however, seen their power, and were determined to act upon their new knowledge. Without undue haste they protected their homes on the Aventine, and retreated the next year to a mountain across the Anio, about three miles from the city, to a spot which afterward held a place in the memories of the Romans similar to that which the green meadow on the Thames called Runnymede has held in British history since the June day when King John met his commons there, and gave them the great charter of their liberties.

20. The plebeians said calmly that they would no longer be imposed upon ; that not one of them would thereafter enlist for a war until the public faith was made good. They reiterated the declaration that the lords might fight their own battles, so that the perils of conflict should lie where its advantages were. When the

situation of affairs was thoroughly understood, Rome was on fire with anxiety, and the enforced suspense filled the citizens with fear lest an external enemy should take the opportunity for a successful onset upon the city.

21. Meanwhile the poor secessionists fortified their camp, but carefully refrained from actual war. The people left in the city feared the senators, and the senators in turn dreaded the citizens lest they should do them violence. It was a time of panic and suspense. After consultation, good counsels prevailed in the senate, and it was resolved to send an embassy to the despised and down-trodden plebeians, who now seemed to hold the balance of power, and to treat for peace, for there could be no security until the secessionists had returned to their homes.

22. The spokesman on the occasion was Menenius Agrippa Lanatus who was popular with the people and had a reputation for eloquence. The address of this good man had its desired effect, and the people were at last willing to listen to a proposition for their return. It was settled that there should be a general release of all those who had been handed over to their creditors, and a cancelling of debts, and that two of the plebeians should be selected as their protectors, with power to veto objectionable laws, their persons being as inviolable at all times as were those of the sacred messengers of the gods. These demands, showing that the plebeians did not seek political power, were agreed to, the Valerian laws were reaffirmed, and a solemn treaty was concluded, each party swearing for itself and its posterity, with all the formality of representatives of foreign nations.

23. The two leaders of the commons, Caius Licinius and Lucius Albinus, were elected the first tribunes of the people, as the new officers were called, with two aediles to aid them. They were not to leave the city

during their term of office, their doors being open night and day, that all who needed their protection might have access to them. The hill upon which this treaty had been concluded was ever after known as the Sacred Mount; its top was enclosed and consecrated, an altar being built upon it, on which sacrifices were offered to Jupiter, the god of terror and deliverance, who had allowed the commons to return home in safety, though they had gone out in trepidation. Henceforth the commons were to be protected; they were better fitted to share the honors as well as the benefits of their country, and the threatened dissolution of the nation was averted.

Arthur Gilman, M. A. "The Story of Rome."

Putnam's "Stories of the Nations Series."



XXVIII.—CINCINNATUS.

1. In the course of the early Roman wars, Minucius, one of the consuls suffered himself to be cut off from Rome, in a narrow valley of Mount Algidus, and it seemed as if hope of delivery there was none. However, five horsemen found means to escape and report at Rome the perilous condition of the consul and his army. Then the other consul consulted the senate, and it was agreed that the only man who could deliver the army was Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus. He was thereupon named dictator, and deputies were sent to acquaint him with his high dignity.

2. He was called Cincinnatus, because he wore his hair in long curling locks, *cincinni*, and, though he was a patrician he lived on his own small farm, like any plebeian

yeoman. This farm was beyond the Tiber, and here he lived contentedly with his wife Racilia.

3. Two years before he had been consul, and had been brought into great distress by the conduct of his son, Kæso. This Kæso was a wild and insolent young man, who despised the plebeians and hated their tribunes. One Volscius Fictor alleged that he and his brother, an old and sickly man, had been attacked by Kæso and a party of young patricians by night, and that his brother had died of the treatment then received. The indignation of the people rose high; and Kæso was forced to go into exile. After this the young patricians became more insolent than ever, but they courted the poorest of the people, hoping to engage them on their side against the more respectable plebeians.

4. Next year all Rome was alarmed by finding that the Capitol had been seized by an enemy during the night. This enemy was Appius Herdonius, a Sabine, and with him was associated a band of desperate men, exiles and runaway slaves. The first demand he made was that all Roman exiles should be restored. The consul, P. Valerius, collected a force and took the Capitol, but was killed in the assault, and Cincinnatus, father of the banished Kæso, was chosen to succeed him. When he heard the news of his elevation, he turned to his wife, and said: "I fear, Racilia, our little field must remain this year unsown." Then he assumed the robe of state, and went to Rome. It was believed that Kæso had been concerned in the desperate enterprise that had just been defeated. What had become of him was unknown; but that he was already dead was pretty certain; and his father was very bitter against the tribunes and their party, to whom he attributed his son's disgrace and death.

5. P. Valerius, the consul, had persuaded the plebeians

to join in the assault of the Capitol, by promising to gain them further privileges; this promise Cincinnatus refused to keep, and used all his power to frustrate the attempts of the tribunes to gain its fulfillment. At the end of his year of office, however, when the patricians wished to continue him in the consulship, he positively declined the offer, and returned to his rustic life as if he had never left it.

6. It was two years after these events that the deputies of the senate, who came to invest him with the ensigns of dictatorial power, found him working on his little farm. He was clad in his tunic only, and as the deputies advanced they bade him put on his toga, that he might receive the commands of the senate in seemly guise. So he wiped off the dust and sweat, and bade his wife fetch his toga, and asked anxiously whether all was right or no. Then the deputies told him how the army was beset by the *Æquian* foe, and how the Senate looked to him as the savior of the state. A boat was provided to carry him over the Tiber; and when he reached the other bank, he was greeted by his family and friends, and the greater part of the senate, who followed him to the city, while he himself walked in state, with his four and twenty lictors.

7. That same day the dictator and his master of horse came down into the forum, ordered all shops to be shut, and all business to be suspended. All men of the military age were to meet in the Field of Mars before sunset, each man with five days' provisions and twelve stakes; the older men were to get the provisions ready, while the soldiers were preparing the stakes. Thus all was got ready in time: the dictator led them forth; and they marched so rapidly, that by midnight they had reached Mount Algidus, where the army of the consul was hemmed in.

8. Then the dictator, when he had discovered the place of the enemy's army, ordered his men to put all their baggage down in one place, and then to surround the enemy's camp. They obeyed, and each one raising a shout, began digging the trench and fixing his stakes, so as to form a palisade round the enemy. The consul's army, which was hemmed in, heard the shout of their brethren, and flew to arms ; and so hotly did they fight all night, that the *Aequians* had no time to attend to the new foe, and next morning found themselves hemmed in on all sides by the trench and palisade, so that they were now between two Roman armies. They were thus forced to surrender. The dictator required them to give up their chiefs, and made their whole army pass under the yoke, which was formed by two spears fixed upright in the ground, and a third bound across them at the top.

9. Cincinnatus returned to Rome amid the shouts and exultation of his soldiers : they gave him a golden crown, in token that he had saved the lives of many citizens ; and the senate decreed that he should enter the city in triumph. So Cincinnatus accomplished the purpose for which he had been made dictator in twenty-four hours. One evening he marched forth to deliver the consul, and the next evening he returned victorious. But he would not lay down his high office till he had avenged his son. Accordingly, he summoned Volscius Fictor, the accuser, and had him tried for perjury. The man was condemned and banished ; and then Cincinnatus once more returned to his wife and farm.

Liddell.

XXIX.—THE ROMAN FATHER.

1. AMONG the most interesting of the early legends of Rome is that of Virginius, a soldier of the army belonging to the plebeian order. While performing his duty in the army which was encamped about twenty miles from Rome, his young daughter, Virginia, about fif-



The Seizure of Virginia.

teen years of age found her home with her near relatives in the city. Her beauty attracted the attention of Appius Claudius, one of the ten governors of Rome. With the view of getting possession of her person, he ordered one of his clients, M. Claudius by name, to lay hands upon her as she was going to her school in the Forum, and to claim her as his slave. The man did so ; and when the cries of her nurse brought a crowd round them, M. Claudius insisted on taking her before the decenvir, in order (as he said) to have the case fairly tried. Her friends consented, and no sooner had Appius heard the matter, than he gave judgment that the maiden should be delivered up to the claimant, who should be bound to produce her in case her alleged father appeared to gainsay the claim.

2. Now this judgment was directly against one of the laws of the Twelve Tables, which Appius himself had framed : for therein it was provided, that any person being at freedom should continue free, till it was proved that such person was a slave. Icilius her betrothed, therefore, with Numitorius, the uncle of the maiden, boldly argued against the legality of the judgment ; and at length, Appius, fearing a tumult, agreed to leave the girl in their hands, on condition of their giving bail to bring her before him next morning ; and then, if Virginius did not appear, he would at once, he said, give her up to her pretended master.

3. To this Icilius consented ; but he delayed giving bail, pretending that he could not procure it readily, and in the mean time he sent off a secret message to the camp on Algidus to inform Virginius of what had happened. As soon as the bail was given, Appius also sent a message to the decemvirs in command of that army, ordering them to refuse leave of absence to Virginius. But when this last message arrived, Virginius was already half-way

on his road to Rome; for the distance was not more than twenty miles, and he had started at nightfall.

4. Next morning early, Virginius entered the forum leading his daughter by the hand, both clad in mean attire. A great number of friends and matrons attended him; and he went about among the people entreating them to support him against the tyranny of Appius. So, when Appius came to take his place on the judgment-seat, he found the forum full of people, all friendly to Virginius and his cause. But he inherited the boldness as well as the vices of his sires, and though he saw Virginius standing there, ready to prove that he was the maiden's father, he at once gave judgment against his own law, that Virginia should be given up to M. Claudius, till it should be proved that she was free. The wretch came up to seize her, and the lictors kept the people from him. Virginius now despairing of deliverance, begged Appius to allow him to ask the maiden whether she were indeed his daughter or no. "If," said he, "I find I am not her father, I shall bear her loss the lighter." Under this pretense, he drew her aside to a spot upon the northern side of the forum (afterward called the Novæ Tabernæ), and here, snatching up a knife from a butcher's stall, he cried: "In this way only can I keep thee free!" and, so saying, stabbed her to the heart.

5. Then he turned to the tribunal, and said: "On thee, Appius, and on thy head be this blood." Appius cried out to seize "the murderer"; but the crowd made way for Virginius, and he passed through them holding up the bloody knife, and went out at the gate, and made straight for the army. There, when the soldiers had heard his tale, they at once abandoned their decemviral generals, and marched to Rome. They were soon followed by the other army from the Sabine frontier; for

to them Icilius had gone, and Numitorius ; and they found willing ears among the men. So the two armies joined their banners, elected new generals, and encamped upon the Aventine hill, the quarter of the plebeians.

6. Meantime, the people at home had risen against Appius ; and after driving him from the forum, they joined their armed fellow-citizens upon the Aventine. There the whole body of the commons, armed and unarmed, hung like a dark cloud ready to burst upon the city.

Liddell.

VIRGINIUS.

1. WHEN Appius Claudius saw that deed he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till with white lips and blood-shot eyes Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
“Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood, I cry to you, do right between us twain ;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt with me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line !”
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way ;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan ; and then with steadfast feet,

Strode right across the market-place into the sacred street.

2. Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!"

Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."

He looked upon his clients, but none would work his will.

He looked upon his lictors, but they trembled and stood still.

And as Virginius, through the press, his way in silence cleft,

Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.

And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,

And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

3. By this the flood of people was swollen from every side, And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide,

And close around the body gathered a little train

Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.

They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,

And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.

The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,

And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?

Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?

Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!"

4. Till then the voice of pity and fury was not loud,
But a deep, sullen murmur, wandered among the crowd.
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all, and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian hill, beyond the Latin gate.
5. But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers, and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.



The Dead Virginia.

Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.

6. Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek;

And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he
strove to speak;
And thrice the tossing forum sent up a frightful
yell—
“See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide
thy shame in hell,
Thou that wouldest make our maidens slaves, must first
make slaves of men.
Tribunes!—Hurrah for tribunes! Down with the
wicked Ten!”
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing
through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule
chair;
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling
came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but
shame.

7. So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began
to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and
smote upon his thigh.
“Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!
Must I be torn to pieces? Home, home the nearest
way.”
While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewil-
dered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule
chair;
And fourscore clients on the left, and forescore on the
right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins
girt up for fight.

8. But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was
the throng,
That scarce the train, with might and main, could bring
their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him ; five times they
seized his gown ;
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got
him down :
And sharper came the pelting ; and evermore the
yell—
“ Tribunes ! we will have tribunes ! ” rose with a
louder swell :
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered
sail,
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern
gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of
spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape has donned his veil of
inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath
the ear ;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with
pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high
with pride,
Now, like a drunken man’s, hung down, and swayed
from side to side ;
And when his stout retainers had brought him to his
door,
His neck and face were all one cake of filth and clotted
gore.

Macaulay.

XXX.—ARCHIMEDES.

1. THIS extraordinary man was a native of Syracuse, a city of Sicily. He was born two hundred and eighty-eight years before the Christian era, and from fifty to one hundred years after the appearance of the far-famed Euclid. Who his parents were, and what was their rank in life are not known, though it is claimed that he was in some way related to Hiero the king of Syracuse. It is said that Hiero considered himself greatly honored by such a relation, and well he might be, for science and genius combined are much higher than royalty. Besides it is probable that the name of the monarch would never have been preserved except in connection with the great philosopher.

2. By whom he was instructed in the elements of education, history fails to inform us, but it tells us of the progress he made in mechanics and geometry, and for the sake of the quiet necessary to pursue these branches he gave up all the advantages of a political life derived from his connection with the king. His favorite studies had more charms for him than the glitter of events or the plunder of conquered cities.

3. After studying at home until he could learn nothing more in the city of his birth, he repaired to Alexandria in Egypt, at that time the educational center that had inherited the philosophy and culture of Athens. Here he studied for some years and became acquainted with the most distinguished scholars of his day. Among his most intimate friends was Conon, a famous mathematician from Samos, who often exchanged problems with him for solution. While staying at Alexandria he began his work of practical invention which he afterward turned to such good account.

4. Some of his ardent admirers have maintained that



Archimedes.

Archimedes taught the Egyptians more than they taught him ; that while he imbibed philosophy and book learning, he more than repaid the New Athens by inventions which were of the greatest use in the ordinary work of the home and the shop. Although we do not know exactly what he turned his hand to, we are quite sure that in many ways he performed feats that have scarcely been surpassed in modern times.

5. After his return to his native city, Archimedes continued his studies with unabated vigor, often neglecting his food and the care of his person when a new problem was to be solved or a new invention perfected. The method of determining the relative amount of gold and base metal in Hiero's crown occurred to him while in his bath, and without stopping to put on his clothes, he is said to have rushed through the streets exclaiming "*Eureka ! Eureka !*"

6. To prevent the ruin of his health his servants were sometimes obliged to take him by main force to the table and bath, and to take his daily exercise. Hiero at one time expressed an admiration of some of his inventions when Archimedes replied that had he a place to fix his machines upon he could move the earth itself. His days were passed in study and retirement until the safety of his native city called him out to take part in its defense.

7. During the wars between the Romans and Carthaginians, the people of Sicily, and especially the Syracusans, had for a long time remained neutral or been in alliance with the Romans. But a Carthaginian interest sprung up which mastered and sought to extend itself over the whole island. As soon as the news of this political movement and rebellion reached Marcellus, the Roman general, he hastened with a strong force into

Sicily, and after the capture of the principalities he laid siege to Syracuse.

8. Here he met with an unexpected check. The inventive genius of Archimedes enabled the Syracusans to successfully defend their city for three years. He so improved the warlike instruments for the discharge of missiles, that he repeatedly beat back the most determined assault, and the Romans were more than once on the point of abandoning the siege, believing that the city was defended by the gods. By means of long and powerful levers, together with grappling irons, he is said to have destroyed many of the Roman galleys when they approached the walls of the city; and when they retired for safety he set them on fire by a combination of immense burning-glasses.

9. The story of these exploits is told by the Romans themselves, and there can be no doubt but here Science gained one of her greatest triumphs. The success of the new engine was evidently so great, that an element of superstition entered into the record. But the triumph of genius was not complete. During a festival in honor of Diana when wine flowed freely, the guards neglected to man some particular part of the walls. The Romans observing this scaled the walls and made themselves masters of the city.

10. Amid the plunder and carnage which followed, Archimedes was killed. Marcellus had given orders for his special protection, but the deed was done by a Roman soldier. One account says that he was slain in his laboratory where he was found studying a problem, and he refused to move until he had completed the solution. Another account says that he was put to death on the street while drawing a geometrical figure in the sand. The third and most rational account is that while bearing some

boxes of mathematical instruments to Marcellus he was killed by a soldier who supposed that the boxes contained treasure. His death happened about 210 b. c. at the age of seventy-six.

XXXI.—THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

1. THE greatest of Rome's generals, and one of the greatest of military chieftains of all ages, was Julius Cæsar. Of a patrician family, he was one of the most accomplished men of Rome. He was great in civil as well as military life. He became the most popular of the greatest men of Rome's most brilliant days. His military feats rivaled those of Alexander, and he extended the rule of Rome through all central Europe, completely subduing all of the tribes with which he came in contact. From his northern victories he turned his victorious army south, crossed the Rubicon, which marked the border of his own province, and seized the control of Rome.



Cæsar (enlarged from a Roman Coin).

2. In the management of civil affairs he was as suc-

cessful as in the field. He corrected abuses that had crept into the political management of affairs, and placed new safeguards around the rights of the people.

3. His administration was almost as brilliant as that of Pericles in Athens; yet the principal nobles did not love him, and with the people at large he suffered still more, from a belief that he wished to be made king. On his return from Spain he had been named dictator and imperator for life. His head had for some time been placed on the money of the republic, a regal honor conceded to none before him. Quintilis, the fifth month of the old calendar, received from him the name which it still bears. The senate took an oath to guard the safety of his person.

4. He was honored with sacrifices, and honors hitherto reserved for the gods. But Cæsar was not satisfied. He was often heard to quote the sentiment of Euripides, that, "if any violation of law is excusable, it is excusable for the sake of gaining sovereign power." It was no doubt to ascertain the popular sentiments that various propositions were made toward an assumption of the title of king. His statues in the forum were found crowned with a diadem; but two of the tribunes tore it off, and the mob applauded.

5. On the 26th of January, at the great Latin festival on the Alban Mount, voices in the crowd saluted him as king; but mutterings of discontent reached his ears, and he promptly said: "I am no king, but Cæsar." The final attempt was made at the Lupercalia, on the 15th of February. Antony, in the character of one of the priests of Pan, approached the dictator as he sat presiding in his golden chair, and offered him an embroidered band, like the diadem of Oriental sovereigns. The applause which followed was partial, and the dictator put the offered gift

aside. Then a burst of genuine cheering greeted him, which waxed louder still when he rejected it a second time. Old traditional feeling was too strong at Rome even for Cæsar's daring temper to brave it. The people would submit to the despotic rule of a dictator, but would not have a king.

6. Other causes of discontent had been agitating various classes at Rome. The more fiery partisans of Cæsar disapproved of his clemency ; the more prodigal sort were angry at his regulations for securing the provincials from oppression. The populace of the city complained —the genuine Romans, at seeing favor extended to provincials, those of foreign origin because they had been excluded from the corn bounty. Cæsar, no doubt, was eager to return to his army, and escape from the increasing difficulties which beset his civil government. But as soon as he joined the army, he would assume monarchical power in virtue of the late decree ; and this consideration urged the discontented to a plot against his life.

7. The difficulty was to find a leader. At length Marcus Junius Brutus accepted the post of danger. This young man, a nephew of Cato, had taken his uncle as an example for his public life. But he was fonder of speculation than of action. His habits were reserved, rather those of a student than a statesman. He had reluctantly joined the cause of Pompey, for he could ill forget that it was by Pompey that his father had been put to death in cold blood. After the battle of Pharsalia he was treated by Cæsar almost like a son. In the present year he had been proclaimed prætor of the city, with the promise of the consulship. But the discontented remnants of the senatorial party assailed him with constant reproaches. The name of Brutus, dear to all Roman patriots, was made

a rebuke to him. "His ancestors expelled the Tarquins; could he sit quietly under a king's rule?" At the foot of the statue of that ancestor, or on his own prætorian tribunal, notes were placed, containing phrases such as these: "Thou art not Brutus: would thou wert." "Brutus, thou sleepest." "Awake, Brutus." Gradually he was brought to think that it was his duty as a patriot to put an end to Cæsar's rule even by taking his life.

8. The most notable of those who arrayed themselves under him was Cassius. This man's motive is unknown. He had never taken much part in politics; he had made submission to the conqueror, and had been received with marked favor. Some personal reason probably actuated his unquiet spirit. More than sixty persons were in the secret, most of them, like Brutus and Cassius, under personal obligations to the dictator. Publius Servilius Casca was by his grace tribune of the plebs. Lucius Tullius Cimber was promised the government of Bithynia. Decius Brutus, one of his old Gallic officers, was prætor elect, and was to be gratified with the rich province of Cisalpine Gaul. Caius Trebonius, another trusted officer, had received every favor which the dictator could bestow; he had just laid down the consulship, and was on the eve of departure for the government of Asia. Quintius Ligarius had lately accepted a pardon from the dictator, and rose from a sick bed to join the conspirators.

9. A meeting of the senate was called for the Ides of March, at which Cæsar was to be present. This was the day appointed for the murder. The secret had oozed out. Many persons warned Cæsar that some danger was impending. A Greek soothsayer told him of the very day. On the morning of the Ides his wife arose so disturbed by dreams, that she persuaded him to relinquish his purpose of presiding in the senate, and he sent Antony in his stead.

10. This change of purpose was reported after the House was formed. The conspirators were in despair. Decius Brutus at once went to Cæsar, told him that the Fathers were only waiting to confer upon him the sovereign power which he desired, and begged him not to listen to auguries and dreams. Cæsar was persuaded to change his purpose, and was carried forth in his litter. On his way, a slave who had discovered the conspiracy tried to attract his notice, but was unable to reach him for the crowd. A Greek philosopher, named Artemidorus, succeeded in putting a roll of paper into his hand, containing full information of the conspiracy; but Cæsar, supposing it to be a petition, laid it by his side for a more convenient season. Meanwhile, the conspirators had reason to think that their plot had been discovered. A friend came up to Casca and said, "Ah, Casca, Brutus has told me your secret!" The conspirator started, but was relieved by the next sentence: "Where will *you* find money for the expenses of the ædileship?" More serious alarm was felt when Popilius Lænas remarked to Brutus and Cassius: "You have my good wishes; but what you do, do quickly"—especially when the same senator stepped up to Cæsar on his entering the house, and began whispering in his ear. So terrified was Cassius, that he thought of stabbing himself instead of Cæsar, till Brutus quietly observed, that the gestures of Popilius indicated that he was asking a favor, not revealing a fatal secret. Cæsar took his seat without further delay.

11. As was agreed, Cimber presented a petition praying for his brother's recall from banishment; and all the conspirators pressed round the dictator, urging his favorable answer. Displeased at their importunity, Cæsar attempted to rise. At that moment Cimber seized the lappet of his robe, and pulled him down; and immedi-



Antony delivering the Oration on the Death of Cæsar.

ately Casca struck him from the side, but inflicted only a slight wound. Then all drew their daggers and assailed him. Cæsar for a time defended himself with the gown folded over his left arm, and the sharp-pointed style which he held in his right hand for writing on the wax of his tablets. But when he saw Brutus among the assassins, he exclaimed, "You, too, Brutus!" and covering his face with his gown, offered no further resistance. In their eagerness, some blows intended for their victim fell upon themselves. But enough reached Cæsar to do the bloody work. Pierced by twenty-three wounds, he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, which had been removed after Pharsalia by Antony, but had been restored by the magnanimity of Cæsar.

12. Thus died "the foremost man of all the world," a man who failed in nothing that he attempted. He might, Cicero thought, have been a great orator; his "Commentaries" remain to prove that he was a great writer. As a general he had few superiors, as a statesman and politician no equal. That which stamps him as a man of true greatness, is the entire absence of vanity and self-conceit from his character. He paid, indeed, great attention to his personal appearance, even when his hard life and unremitting activity had brought on fits of an epileptic nature, and left him with that meager visage which is familiar to us from his coins. Even then he was sedulous in arranging his robes, and was pleased to have the privilege of wearing a laurel crown to hide the scantiness of his hair. But these were foibles too trifling to be taken as symptoms of real vanity. His successes in war, achieved by a man who in his forty-ninth year had hardly seen a camp, add to our conviction of his real genius. These successes were due not so much to scientific manœuvres, as to rapid audacity of movement, and mastery over the wills of men.

13. The effect of Cæsar's fall was to cause a renewal of bloodshed for another half generation ; and then his work was finished by a far less general ruler. Those who slew Cæsar were guilty of a great crime, and a still greater blunder.

Liddell.

XXXII.—HOW ROMANS LIVED.

1. THE Roman house at first was extremely simple, being of but one room, called the *atrium* or darkened chamber, because its walls were stained by the smoke that rose from the fire upon the hearth, and with difficulty found its way through a hole in the roof. The aperture also admitted light and rain, the water that dripped from the roof being caught in a cistern that was formed in the middle of the room. The atrium was entered by way of a vestibule open to the sky, in which the gentleman of the house put on his toga as he went out. Double doors admitted the visitor to the entrance-hall, or *ostium*.

2. There was a threshold upon which it was unlucky to place the left foot ; a knocker afforded means of announcing one's approach, and a porter, who had a small room at the side, opened the door, showing the caller the words *Cave canem* (beware of the dog), or *Salve* (welcome), or perchance the dog himself reached out toward the visitor as far as his chain would allow. Sometimes, too, there would be noticed in the mosaic of the pavement the representation of the faithful domestic animal which has so long been the companion as well as the protector of his human friend. Perhaps myrtle or laurel might be seen on a door, indicating that a marriage was in process of celebration,

or a chaplet announcing the happy birth of an heir. Cypress, probably set in pots in the vestibule, indicated a death, as a crape festoon does upon our own door-handles, while torches, lamps, wreaths, garlands, branches of trees, showed that there was joy from some cause in the house.

3. In the "black room" the bed stood; there the meals were cooked and eaten, there the goodman received his friends, and there the goodwife sat in the midst of her maidens spinning. The original house grew larger in the course of time: wings were built on the sides—and the Romans called them wings as well as we (*ala*, a wing). Beyond the black room a recess was built in which the family records and archives were preserved, but with it for a long period the Roman house stopped its growth.

4. Before the empire came, however, there had been great progress in making the dwelling convenient as well as luxurious. Another hall had been built out from the room of archives, leading to an open court, surrounded by columns, known as the *peristylum* (*peri*, about, *stulos*, a pillar), which was sometimes of great magnificence. Bed-chambers were made separate from the atrium, but they were small, and would not seem very convenient to modern eyes.

5. The dining-room, called the *triclinium* (Greek, *kline*, a bed) from its three couches, was a very important apartment. In it were three lounges surrounding a table, on each of which three guests might be accommodated. The couches were elevated above the table, and each man lay almost flat on his breast, resting on his left elbow, and having his right hand free to use, thus putting the head of one near the breast of the man behind him, and making natural the expression that he lay in the bosom of the other. As the guests were thus arranged

by threes, it was natural that the rule should have been made that a party at dinner should not be less in number than the Graces, nor more than the Muses, though it has remained a useful one ever since.

6. Before the republic came to an end, it was so fashionable to have a book-room that ignorant persons who might not be able to read even the titles of their own books endeavored to give themselves the appearance of erudition by building book-rooms in their houses, and furnishing them with elegance. The books were in cases ar-



Interior of a Roman Bath-Room, Ruins of Pompeii.

ranged around the walls in convenient manner, and busts and statues of the Muses, of Minerva, and of men of note were used then as they are now for ornaments. House-philosophers were often employed to open to the un instructed the stores of wisdom contained in the libraries.

7. As wealth and luxury increased, the Romans added

the bath-room to their other apartments. In the early ages they had bathed for comfort and cleanliness once a week, but the warm bath was apparently unknown to them. In time this became very common, and in the days of Cicero there were hot and cold baths, both public and private, which were well patronized. Some were heated by fires in flues, directly under the floors, which produced a vapor-bath. The bath was, however, considered a luxury, and at a later date it was held a capital offense to indulge in one on a religious holiday, and the public baths were closed when any misfortune happened to the republic.

8. Comfort and convenience united to take the cooking out of the atrium into a separate apartment known as the *culina*, or kitchen, in which was a raised platform on which coals might be burned, and the processes of broiling, boiling, and roasting might be carried on in a primitive manner, much like the arrangement still to be seen at Rome. On the tops of the houses, after a while, terraces were planned for the purpose of basking in the sun, and sometimes they were furnished with shrubs, fruit-trees, and even fish-ponds. Often there were upward of fifty rooms in a house on a single floor; but in the course of time land became so valuable that other stories were added, and many lived in flats. A flat was sometimes called an *insula*, which meant, properly, a house not joined to another, and afterward was applied to hired lodgings. *Domus*, a house, meant a dwelling occupied by one family, whether it were an *insula* or not.

9. The floors of these rooms were sometimes, but not often, laid with boards, and generally were formed of stones, tiles, bricks, or some sort of cement. In the richer dwellings they were often inlaid with mosaics of elegant patterns. The walls were often faced with mar-

ble, but they were usually adorned with paintings; the ceilings were left uncovered, the beams supporting the



Lares and Penates.

floor or the roof above being visible, though it was frequently arched over. The means of lighting either by day or night, were defective. The atrium was, as we have seen, lighted from above, and the same was true of other apartments, those at the side being illuminated from

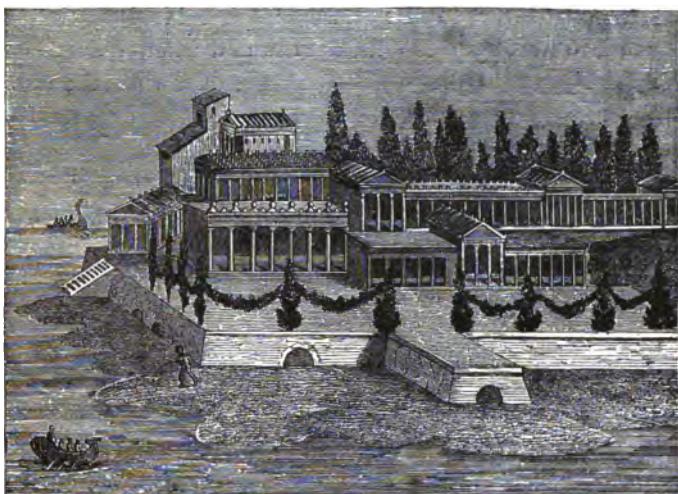
the larger ones in the middle of the house. There were windows, however, in the upper stories, though they were not protected by glass, but covered with shutters or lattice-work, and, at a later period, were glazed with sheets of mica. Smoking lamps, hanging from the ceiling or supported by candelabra, or candles gave a gloomy light by night in the houses, and torches without.

10. The sun was chiefly depended upon for heat, for there were no proper stoves, though braziers were used to burn coals upon, the smoke escaping through the aperture in the ceiling, and, in rare cases, hot-air furnaces were constructed below, the heat being conveyed to the upper rooms through pipes. There has been a dispute regarding chimneys, but it seems almost certain that the Romans had none in their dwellings, and indeed, there was little need of them for purposes of artificial warmth in so moderate a climate as theirs.

11. Such were some of the chief traits of the city-houses of the Romans. Besides these there were villas in the country, some of which were simply farm-houses, and others places of rest and luxury supported by the residents of cities. The farm-villa was placed, if possible, in a spot secluded from visitors, protected from the severest winds, and from the malaria of marshes, in a well-watered place, near the foot of a well-wooded mountain. It had accommodations for the kitchen, the wine-press, the farm superintendent, the slaves, the animals, the crops, and the other products of the farm. There were baths, and cellars for the wine and for the confinement of the slaves who might have to be chained.

12. Varro thus describes life at a rural household: "Manius summons his people to rise with the sun, and in person conducts them to the scene of their daily work. The youths make their own bed, which labor renders soft to

them, and supply themselves with water-pot, and lamp. Their drink is the clear fresh spring; their fare bread, with onions as a relish. Everything prospers in house and field. The house is no work of art, but an architect



Roman Villa.

might learn symmetry from it. Care is taken of the field that it shall not be left disorderly, and waste or go to ruin through slovenliness or neglect; and in return, grateful Ceres wards off damage from the produce, that the high-piled sheaves may gladden the heart of the husbandman. Here hospitality still holds good, the bread-pantry, the wine-vat, and the store of sausages on the rafter, lock and key are at the service of the traveler, and piles of food are set before him; contented, the sated guest sits, looking neither before him, nor behind, dozing by the hearth in the kitchen. The warmest double wool sheepskin is spread as a couch for him. Here people

still, as good burgesses, obey the righteous law which neither out of envy injures the innocent, nor out of favor pardons the guilty. Here they speak no evil against their neighbors. Here they trespass not with their feet on the sacred hearth, but honor the gods with devotion and with sacrifices; throw to the familiar spirit his little bit of flesh into his appointed little dish, and when the master of the household dies accompany the bier with the same prayer with which those of his father and of his grandfather were borne forth."

Arthur Gilman, M. A. "The Story of Rome."

Putnam's "Stories of the Nations Series."



MEDIÆVAL RECORD.

XXXIII.—CONVERSION OF THE ENGLISH.

1. SOME time before Gregory became Pope, perhaps about the year 574, he went one day through the market at Rome, where, among other things, there were still men, women, and children to be sold as slaves. He saw there some beautiful boys who had just been brought by a slave-merchant, boys with a fair skin and long fair hair, as English boys then would have.

2. He was told that they were heathen boys from the Isle of Britain. Gregory was sorry to think that forms which were so fair without should have no light within, and he asked again what was the name of their nation. “*Angles*,” he was told. “*Angles*,” said Gregory; “they have the faces of *angels*, and they ought to be made fellow-heirs of the angels in heaven. But of what province or tribe of the Angles are they?” “Of *Deira*,” said the merchant. “*De ira!*” said Gregory; “then they must be delivered from the wrath of God. And

what is the name of their king?" "Ælla." "Ælla; then *Alleluia* shall be sung in his land."

3. Gregory then went to the Pope, and asked him to send missionaries into Britain, of whom he himself would be one, to convert the English. The Pope was willing, but the people of Rome, among whom Gregory was a priest and was much beloved, would not let him go. So nothing came of the matter for some time.

4. We do not know whether Gregory was able to do anything for the poor English boys whom he saw in the market, but he certainly never forgot his plan for converting the English people. After a while he became Pope himself. Of course, he now no longer thought of going into Britain himself, as he had enough to do in Rome. But he now had power to send others. He therefore presently sent a company of monks, with one called Augustine at their head, who became the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and is called the Apostle of the English.

5. This was in 597. The most powerful king in Britain at this time was Æthelbert, of Kent, who is said to have been lord over all the kings south of the Humber. This Æthelbert had done what was very seldom done by English kings then or for a long time after; he had married a foreign wife, the daughter of Charibert, one of the kings of the Franks, in Gaul.

6. Now, the Franks had become Christians; so when the Frankish queen came over to Kent, Æthelbert promised that she should be allowed to keep to her own religion without let or hindrance. She brought with her, therefore, a Frankish bishop named Lindhard, and the queen and her bishop used to worship God in a little church near Canterbury, called Saint Martin's, which had been built in the Roman times. So you see that both

Æthelbert and his people must have known something about the Christian faith before Augustine came.

7. It does not, however, seem that either the king or any of his people had at all thought of turning Christians. This seems strange when one reads how easily they were converted afterward. One would have thought that Bishop Lindhard would have been more likely to convert them than Augustine, for, being a Frank, he would speak a tongue not very different from English, while Augustine spoke Latin, and, if he ever knew English at all, he must have learned it after he came into the island. I can not tell you for certain why this was. Perhaps they did not think that a man who had merely come in the queen's train was so well worth listening to as one who had come on purpose all the way from the great city of Rome, to which all the West still looked up as the capital of the world.

8. So Augustine and his companions set out from Rome, and passed through Gaul, and came into Britain, even as Cæsar had done ages before. But this time Rome had sent forth men not to conquer lands, but to win souls. They landed first in the Isle of Thanet, which joins close to the east part of Kent, and thence they sent a message to King Æthelbert, saying why they had come into his land. The king sent word back to them to stay in the isle till he had fully made up his mind how to treat them; and he gave orders that they should be well taken care of meanwhile.

9. After a little while he came himself into the isle, and bade them come and tell him what they had to say. He met them in the open air, for he would not meet them in a house, as he thought they might be wizards, and that they might use some charm or spell, which he thought would have less power out-of-doors. So they came, car-

rying an image of our Lord on the cross, wrought in silver, and singing litanies as they came. And when they came before the king, they preached the gospel to him and to those who were with him.

10. So King *Æthelbert* hearkened to them, and he made answer like a good and wise man. "Your words and promises," said he, "sound very good unto me; but they are new and strange, and I can not believe them all at once, nor can I leave all that I and my fathers, and the whole English folk, have believed so long. But I see that ye have come from a far country to tell us that which ye yourselves hold for truth; so ye may stay in the land, and I will give you a house to dwell in and food to eat; and ye may preach to my folk, and if any man of them will believe as ye believe, I hinder him not."

11. So he gave them a house to dwell in in the royal city of Canterbury, and he let them preach to the people. And, as they drew near to the city, they carried their silver image of the Lord Jesus, and sang litanies, saying, "We pray Thee, O Lord, let thy anger and thy wrath be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house, because we have sinned. Alleluia!"

12. Thus Augustine and his companions dwelt at Canterbury, and worshiped in the old church where the queen worshiped, and preached to the men of the land. And many men hearkened to them and were baptized, and before long King *Æthelbert* himself believed and was baptized; and before the year was out there were added to the Church more than ten thousand souls.

Freeman.

XXXIV.—*LEO THE SLAVE.*

1. IN A. D. 533, the Franks had fully gained possession of all the north of Gaul, except Brittany. Clovis had made them Christians in name, but they still remained horribly savage, and the life of the Gauls under them was wretched. The Burgundians and Visigoths, who had peopled the southern and eastern provinces, were far from being equally violent. They had entered on their settlements on friendly terms, and even showed considerable respect for the Roman-Gallic senators, magistrates, and higher clergy, who all remained unmolested in their dignity and riches. Thus it was that Gregory, Bishop of Langres, was a man of high rank and consideration in the Burgundian kingdom, whence the Christian Queen Clotilda had come; and even after the Burgundians had been subdued by the four sons of Clovis, he continued a rich and prosperous man.

2. After one of the many quarrels and reconciliations between these fierce brethren, there was an exchange of hostages for the observance of the terms of the treaty. These were not taken from among the Franks, who were too proud to submit to captivity, but from among the Gaulish nobles, a much more convenient arrangement for the Frankish kings, who cared for the life of a "Roman" infinitely less than even for the life of a Frank. Thus many young men of senatorial families were exchanged between the domains of Theodoric to the south, and of Hildebert to the northward, and quartered among Frankish chiefs, with whom at first they had nothing more to endure than the discomfort of living as guests with such rude and coarse barbarians.

3. But ere long fresh quarrels arose between Theodoric and Hildebert, and the unfortunate hostages were at once

turned into slaves. Some of them ran away, if they were near the frontier; but Bishop Gregory was in the utmost anxiety about his nephew Attalus, who had been last heard of as being placed under the charge of a Frank who lived between Trèves and Metz. The bishop sent emissaries to make secret inquiries, and they brought back the word that the unfortunate youth had been reduced to slavery, and was made to keep his master's herds of horses. Upon this the uncle again sent off his messengers with presents for the ransom of Attalus; but the Frank rejected them, saying, "One of such high race can only be redeemed for ten pounds weight of gold."

4. This was beyond the bishop's means, and, while he was considering how to raise the sum, the slaves were all lamenting for their young lord, to whom they were much attached, till one of them, named Leo, the cook to the household, came to the bishop, saying to him, "If thou wilt give me leave to go, I will deliver him from captivity." The bishop replied that he gave free permission, and the slave set off for Trèves, and there watched anxiously for an opportunity of gaining access to Attalus; but, though the poor young man, no longer daintily dressed, bathed, and perfumed, but ragged and squalid, might be seen following his herds of horses, he was too well watched for any communication to be held with him.

5. Then Leo went to a person, probably of Gallic birth, and said: "Come with me to this barbarian's house, and there sell me for a slave. Thou shalt have the money; I only ask thee to help me thus far." Both repaired to the Frank's abode, the chief among a confused collection of clay and timber huts, intended for shelter during eating and sleeping. The Frank looked at the slave, and asked him what he could do. "I can dress whatever is eaten at lordly tables," replied Leo. "I am afraid of no rival;

I only tell thee the truth when I say that, if thou wouldest give a feast to the king, I could send it up in the neatest manner." "Ha!" said the barbarian, "the Sun's day is coming. I shall invite my kinsmen and friends. Cook me such a dinner as may amaze them, and make them say, 'We saw nothing better in the king's house.'" "Let me have plenty of poultry, and I will do according to my master's bidding," returned Leo.

6. Accordingly, he was purchased for twelve gold-pieces, and on the Sunday, as Bishop Gregory of Tours, who tells the story, explains, that the barbarians called the Lord's day, he produced a banquet after the most approved Roman fashion, much to the surprise and delight of the Franks, who had never tasted such delicacies before, and complimented their host upon them all the evening. Leo gradually became a great favorite, and was placed in authority over the other slaves, to whom he gave out their portions of broth and meat. But from the first he had not shown any recognition of Attalus, and had signed to him that they must be strangers to one another.

7. A whole year passed away in this manner, when one day Leo wandered, as if for pastime, into the plain where Attalus was watching the horses, and sitting down on the ground at some paces off, and with his back toward his young master so that they might not be seen talking together, he said: "This is the time for thoughts of home! When thou hast led the horses to the stable to-night, sleep not. Be ready at the first call!"

8. That day the Frank lord was entertaining a large number of guests, among them his daughter's husband, a jovial young man, given to jesting. On going to rest he fancied he should be thirsty at night, and called Leo to place a pitcher of hydromel by his bedside. As the slave was setting it down, the Frank looked slyly from under

his eyelids and said in joke, "Tell me, my father-in-law's trusty man, wilt thou not some night take one of his horses and run away to thine own home?"

9. "Please God, it is what I mean to do this very night," answered the Gaul, so undauntedly that the Frank took it as a jest, and answered, "I shall look out, then, that thou dost not carry off anything of mine," and then Leo left him, both laughing.

10. All were soon asleep, and the cook crept out to the stable, where Attalus usually slept among the horses. He was broad awake now, and ready to saddle the two swiftest; but he had no weapon, except a small lance, so Leo boldly went back to his master's sleeping hut, and took down his sword and shield, but not without awakening him enough to ask who was moving. "It is I, Leo," was the answer; "I have been to call Attalus to take out the horses early. He sleeps as hard as a drunkard." The Frank went to sleep again, quite satisfied, and Leo, carrying out the weapons, soon made Attalus feel like a free man and a noble once more.

11. They passed unseen out of the inclosure, mounted their horses and rode along the great Roman road from Treves as far as the Meuse, but they found the bridge guarded, and were obliged to wait till night, when they cast their horses loose, and swam the river, supporting themselves on boards that they had found on the bank. They had as yet had no food since the supper at their master's, and were thankful to find a plum-tree in the wood, with fruit, to refresh them in small degree, before they lay down for the night. The next morning they went on in the direction of Rheims, carefully listening whether there were any sounds behind, until, on the broad, hard-paved causeway, they heard the trampling of horses. Happily a bush was near, behind which they

crept, and here the riders actually halted for a few moments to arrange their harness. Men and horses were both those they feared, and they trembled at hearing one say: "Woe is me that those rogues have made off, and have not been caught! On my salvation, if I catch them, I will have one hung, and the other chopped into little bits!"

12. It was no small comfort to hear the trot of the horses resumed, and soon dying away in the distance. That same night, the two faint, hungry, weary travelers, foot-sore and exhausted, came stumbling into Rheims, looking about for some person still awake, to tell them the way to the house of the priest Paul, a friend of Attalus's uncle. They found it just as the church-bell was ringing for matins, a sound that must have seemed very like home to these members of an episcopal household. They knocked, and in the morning twilight met the priest going to his earliest Sunday-morning service. Leo told his young master's name, and how they had escaped, and the priest's first exclamation was a strange one: "My dream is true! This very night I saw two doves, one white and one black, who came and perched on my hand."

13. The good man was overjoyed, but he scrupled to give them any food, as it was contrary to the Church's rules for the fast to be broken before mass; but the travelers were half-dead with hunger, and could only say, "The good Lord pardon us, for, saving the respect due to his day, we must eat something, since this is the fourth day since we have touched bread or meat." The priest, upon this, gave them some bread and wine, and after hiding them carefully, went to church, hoping to avert suspicion. But their master was already at Rheims, making strict search for them, and learning that Paul the priest was a friend of the Bishop of Langres, he went to the church, and there questioned him closely. But the priest

succeeded in guarding his secret, and though he incurred much danger—as the Salic law is very severe against concealers of runaway slaves—he kept Attalus and Leo for two days, till the search was over, and their strength restored, so that they could proceed to Langres. There they were welcomed like men risen from the dead ; the bishop wept on the neck of Attalus, and was ready to receive Leo as a slave no more, but a friend and deliverer.

14. A few days after, Leo was solemnly led to the church. Every door was set open as a sign that he might henceforth go whithersoever he would. Bishop Gregorius took him by the hand, and, standing, before the archdeacon, declared that for the sake of the good services rendered by his slave Leo, he set him free, and created him a Roman citizen. Then the archbishop read a writing of manumission. “ Whatever is done according to the Roman law is irrevocable. According to the constitution of the Emperor Constantine, of happy memory, and the edict that declares that whosoever is manumitted in church, in the presence of the bishops, priests, and deacons, shall become a Roman citizen under protection of the Church ; from this day Leo becomes a member of the city, free to go and come where he will, as if he had been born of free parents. From this day forward he is exempt from all subjection of servitude, of all duty of a freedman, all bond of clientship. He is and shall be free, with full and entire freedom, and shall never cease to belong to the body of Roman citizens.”

15. At the same time Leo was endowed with lands, which raised him to the rank of what the Franks called a Roman proprietor, the highest reward in the bishop’s power, for the faithful devotion that had incurred such dangers in order to rescue the young Attalus from his miserable bondage.

Charlotte M. Yonge.

XXXV.—THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

1. SCARCELY had the Arabs become firmly settled in Spain before they commenced a brilliant career. Adopting what had now become the established policy of the commanders of the Faithful in Asia, the caliphs of Cordova distinguished themselves as patrons of learning, and set an example of refinement strongly contrasting with the condition of the native European princes. Cordova, under their administration, at its highest point of prosperity, boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses, and more than a million inhabitants. After sunset a man might walk through it in a straight line for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, who ever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day stepped up to his ankles in mud.

2. Other cities, as Granada, Seville, Toledo, considered themselves rivals of Cordova. The palaces of the caliphs were magnificently decorated. Those sovereigns might well look down with supercilious contempt on the dwellings of the rulers of Germany, France, and England, which were scarcely better than stables—chimneyless, windowless, and with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, like the wigwams of certain Indians.

3. The Spanish Mohammedans had brought with them all the luxuries and prodigalities of Asia. Their residences stood forth against the clear blue sky, or were embosomed in woods. They had polished marble balconies, overhanging orange-gardens, courts with cascades of water, shady retreats provocative of slumber in the heat of the day, retiring-rooms, vaulted with stained glass, speckled with gold, over which streams of water were

made to gush; the floors and walls were of exquisite mosaic. Here a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy bells; there, apartments into which cool air was drawn from flower-gardens, in summer, by means of ventilating towers, and in the winter through earthen pipes, or caleducts, imbedded in the walls—the hypocaust, in the vaults below, breathing forth volumes of warm and perfumed air through these hidden passages.

4. The walls were not covered with wainscot, but adorned with arabesques and paintings of agricultural scenes and views of paradise. From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, great chandeliers hung, one of which, it is said, was so large that it contained one thousand and eighty-four lamps. Clusters of frail marble columns surprised the beholder with the vast weights they bore. In the boudoirs of the sultanahs they were sometimes of verd-antique, and incrusted with lapis-lazuli. The furniture was of sandal and citron wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver, or relieved with gold and precious malachite. In orderly confusion were arranged vases of rock-crystal, Chinese porcelain, and tables of exquisite mosaic. The winter apartments were hung with rich tapestry; the floors were covered with embroidered Persian carpets. Pillows and couches of elegant forms were scattered about the rooms, which were perfumed with frankincense.

5. It was the intention of the Saracen architect, by excluding the view of the external landscape, to concentrate attention on his work, and since the representation of the human form was religiously forbidden, and that source of decoration denied, his imagination ran riot with the complicated arabesques he introduced, and sought every opportunity of replacing the prohibited work of art

by the trophies and rarities of the garden. For this reason the Arabs never produced artists; religion turned them from the beautiful, and made them soldiers, philosophers, and men of affairs. Splendid flowers and rare exotics ornamented the court-yards and even the inner chambers.

6. Great care was taken to make due provision for the cleanliness, occupation, and amusement of the inmates. Through pipes of metal, water, both warm and cold, to suit the season of the year, ran into baths of marble; in niches, where the current of air could be artificially directed, hung dripping *alcarazzas*. There were whispering-galleries for the amusement of the women; labyrinths and marble play-courts for the children; for the master himself, grand libraries. The Caliph Alhakem's was so large that the catalogue alone filled forty volumes. He had also apartments for the transcribing, binding, and ornamenting of books. A taste for caligraphy and the possession of splendidly illuminated manuscripts seems to have anticipated in the caliphs, both of Asia and Spain, the taste for statuary and painting among the later popes of Rome.

7. Such were the palace and gardens of Zehra, in which Abderrahman III honored his favorite sultana. The edifice had twelve hundred columns of Greek, Italian, Spanish, and African marble. The body-guard of the sovereign was composed of twelve thousand horsemen, whose cimeters and belts were studded with gold. This was that Abderrahman who, after a glorious reign of fifty years, sat down to count the number of days of unalloyed happiness he had experienced, and could only enumerate fourteen. "O man!" exclaimed the plaintive caliph, "put not your trust in this present world."

8. No nation has ever excelled the Spanish Arabs in

the beauty and costliness of their pleasure-gardens. To them also we owe the introduction of very many of our most valuable cultivated fruits, such as the peach. Retaining the love of their ancestors for the cooling effect of water in a hot climate, they spared no pains in the superfluity of fountains; hydraulic works, and artificial lakes in which fish were raised for the table. Into such a lake, attached to the palace of Cordova, many loaves were cast each day to feed the fish.

9. There were also menageries of foreign animals, aviaries of rare birds, manufactories in which skilled workmen, obtained from foreign countries, displayed their art in textures of silk, cotton, linen, and all the miracles of the loom; in jewelry and filigree-work, with which they ministered to the female pride. Under the shade of cypresses cascades disappeared; among flowering shrubs there were winding walks, bowers of roses, seats cut out of rock, and crypt-like grottoes hewn in the living stone. Nowhere was ornamental gardening better understood; for not only did the artist try to please the eye as it wandered over the pleasant gradation of vegetable color and form—he also boasted his success in the gratification of the sense of smell by the studied succession of perfumes from beds of flowers.

10. In the midst of all this luxury, which can not be regarded by the historian with disdain, since in the end it produced a most important result in the south of France, the Spanish caliphs, emulating the example of their Asiatic compeers, were not only the patrons but the personal cultivators of human learning. One of them was himself the author of a work on polite literature in not less than fifty volumes; another wrote a treatise on algebra. When Taryak, the musician, came from the East to Spain, the Caliph Abderrahman rode forth to meet him with honor.

The College of Music in Cordova was sustained by ample government patronage, and is said to have produced many illustrious professors.

John W. Draper.

XXXVI.—CHARLEMAGNE.

1. WE come now to one of the greatest men of all times, Charles the Great, son of Pépin the Short, a man who has left his mark on history for all time. Charles (called by the French Charlemagne) was great in many ways, whereas most great men are great in one or two. He was a great warrior, a great political genius, an energetic legislator, a lover of learning, and a lover also of his natural language and poetry at a time when it was the fashion to despise them. And he united and displayed all these merits in a time of general and monotonous barbarism, when, save in the church, the minds of men were dull and barren.

2. From 769 to 813, in Germany and Western and Northern Europe, Charlemagne conducted thirty-two campaigns against the Saxons, Frisians, Bavarians, Avars, Slavs, and Danes; in Italy, five against the Lombards; in Spain, Corsica, and Sardinia, twelve against the Arabs, two against the Greeks, and three in Gaul itself, against the Aquitanians and Bretons—in all, fifty-three expeditions in forty-five years, among which those he undertook against the Saxons, the Lombards, and the Arabs were long and difficult wars.

3. The kingdom of Charles was vast; it comprised nearly all Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and the north of Italy and of Spain. He had, in ruling this

mighty realm, to deal with different nations, without cohesion, and to grapple with their various institutions and bring them into system.

4. The first great undertaking of Charles was against the Saxons. They were still heathen, and were a constant source of annoyance to the Franks, for they made frequent inroads to pillage and destroy their towns and harvests.

5. In the line of mountains which forms the step from lower into upper Germany, above the Westphalian plains, is one point at which the river Weser breaks through and flows down into the level land about three miles above the town of Minden. This rent in the mountain is called the Westphalian Gate. The hills stand on each side like red sandstone door-posts, and one is crowned by some crumbling fragments of a castle ; it is called the Wittekindsberg, and takes its name from Wittekind, a Saxon king, who had his castle there. Wittekind was a stubborn heathen, and a very determined man.

6. In 772 Charles convoked a great assembly at Worms, at which it was unanimously resolved to march against the Saxons and chastise them for their incursions. Charles advanced along the Weser, through the gate, destroyed Wittekind's castle, pushed on to Paderborn, where he threw down an idol adored by the Saxons, and then was obliged to return and hurry to Italy to fight the Lombards, who had revolted. Next year he invaded Saxony again. He built himself a palace at Paderborn, and summoned the Saxon chiefs to come and do homage. Wittekind alone refused, and fled to Denmark.

7. No sooner had Charles gone to fight the Moors in Spain than Wittekind returned, and the Saxons rose at his summons, and, bursting into Franconia, devastated the land up to the walls of Cologne. Charles returned and fought them in two great battles, defeated them, erected



Charlemagne.

fortresses in their midst, and carried off hostages. Affairs seemed to prosper, and Charles deemed himself as securely master of Saxony as Varus had formerly in the same country, and under precisely the same circumstances. Charles then quitted the country, leaving orders for a body of Saxons to join his Franks and march together against the Slavs. The Saxons obeyed the call with alacrity, and soon outnumbered the Franks. One day, as the army was crossing the mountains from the Weser, at a given signal the Saxons fell on their companions and butchered them.

8. When the news of this disaster reached Charles he resolved to teach the Saxons a terrible lesson. Crossing the Rhine, he laid waste their country with fire and sword, and forced the Saxons to submit to be baptized and accept Christian teachers. Those who refused he killed. At Verdun he had over four thousand of the rebels beheaded. At Detmold, Wittekind led the Saxons in a furious battle, in which neither gained the victory. In another battle, on the Hase, they were completely routed.

9. Then Wittekind submitted, came into the camp of Charles, and asked to be baptized. A little ruined chapel stands on the Wittekindsberg, above the Westphalian Gate, and there, according to tradition, near the over-turned walls of his own castle, the stubborn heathen bowed the neck to receive the yoke of Christ. Charles's two nephews, the sons of Karlomann, were with Desiderius, the Lombard king, and Desiderius tried to force the Pope to anoint them kings of the Franks, to head a revolt against Charles. When the great king heard this he came over the Alps into Italy, dethroned Desiderius, and shut him up in a monastery. Then he crowned himself with the iron crown of the Lombard kings, which was

said to have been made out of one of the nails that fastened Christ to the cross.

10. Duke Thassils of Bavaria had married a daughter of Desiderius, and he refused to acknowledge the authority of Charles. He also stirred up the Avars who lived in Hungary to invade the Frankish realm. Charles marched against Thassils, drove him out of Bavaria, subdued the Avars, and converted the country between the Ems and Raab—that is, Austria proper—into a province, which was called the East March, and formed the beginning of the East Realm (Oesterreich), or Austria. Charles also fought the Danes, and took from them the country up to the river Eider.

11. When we consider what continuous fighting Charles had, it is a wonder to us that he had time to govern and make laws; but he devoted as much thought to arranging his realm and placing it under proper governors as he did to extending its frontiers.

12. Charles constituted the various parts of his vast empire—kingdoms, duchies, and counties. He was himself the sovereign of all these united, but he managed them through counts and vice-counts. The frontier districts were called marches, and were under march-counts, or margraves. Count is not a German title; the German equivalent is Graf, and the English is earl. The counties were divided into hundreds; a hundred villages went to a vice-count. He had also counts of the palace, who ruled over the crown estates, and send-counts (*missi*), whom he sent out yearly through the country to see that his other counts did justice, and did not oppress the people. If people felt themselves wronged by the counts, they appealed to these send-counts; and if the send-counts did not do them justice, they appealed to the palatine-counts.

13. Every year Charles summoned his counts four

times, when he could, but always once, in May, to meet him in council, and discuss the grievances of the people. As the great dukes were troublesome, because so powerful, Charles tried to do without them, and to keep them in check. He gave whole principalities to bishops, hoping that they would become supporters of him and the crown against the powerful dukes.

14. He was also very careful for the good government of the Church. He endowed a number of monasteries to serve as schools for boys and girls. He had also a collection of good, wholesome sermons made in German, and sent copies about in all directions, requiring them to be read to the people in church. He invited singers and musicians from Italy to come and improve the performance of divine worship, and two song-schools were established, one at Gall, another at Metz. His Franks, he complained, had not much aptitude for music; their singing was like the howling of wild beasts or the noise made by the squeaking, groaning wheels of a baggage-wagon over a stony road!

15. Charles was particularly interested in schools, and delighted in going into them and listening to the boys at their lessons. One day when he had paid such a visit he was told that the noblemen's sons were much idler than those of the common citizens. Then the great king grew red in the face and frowned, and his eyes flashed. He called the young nobles before him and said in thundering tones: "You grand gentlemen! You young puppets! You puff yourselves up with the thoughts of your rank and wealth, and suppose you have no need of letters! I tell you that your pretty faces and your high nobility are accounted nothing by me. Beware! beware! Without diligence and conscientiousness not one of you gets anything from me."

16. Charles dearly loved the grand old German poems of the heroes, and he had them collected and copied out. Alas! they have been lost. His stupid son, thinking them rubbish, burned them all. The great king also sent to Italy for builders, and set them to work to erect palaces and churches. His favorite palaces were at Aix and at Ingelheim. At the latter place he had a bridge built over the Rhine. At Aix he built the cathedral with pillars taken from Roman ruins. It was quite circular, with a colonnade going round it; inside it remains almost unaltered to the present day.

17. He was very eager to promote trade, and so far in advance of the times was he that he resolved to cut a canal so as to connect the Main with the Regnitz, and thus make a water-way right across Germany from the Rhine to the Danube, and so connect the German Ocean with the Black Sea. The canal was begun, but wars interfered with its completion, and the work was not carried out till the present century by Louis I of Bavaria.

18. Charles was a tall, grand looking man, nearly seven feet high. He was so strong that he could take a horse-shoe in his hands and snap it. He ate and drank in moderation, and was grave and dignified in his conduct.

19. In the year 800, an insurrection broke out in Rome against Pope Leo III. While he was riding in procession his enemies fell on him, threw him from his horse, and an awkward attempt was made to put out his eyes and cut out his tongue. Thus, bleeding and insensible, he was put into a monastery. The Duke of Spoleto, a Frank, hearing of this, marched to Rome and removed the wounded Pope to Spoleto, where he was well nursed and recovered his eye-sight and power of speech. Charles was very indignant when he heard of the outrage, and he left the Saxons, whom he was fighting, and came to Italy to

investigate the circumstance. He assumed the office of judge, and the guilty persons were sent to prison in France.

20. Then came Christmas-day, the Christmas of the last year in the eighth century of Christ. Charles and all his sumptuous court, the nobles and people of Rome, the whole clergy of Rome, were present at the high services of the birth of Christ. The Pope himself chanted the mass; the full assembly were rapt in profound devotion. At the close the Pope rose, advanced toward Charles with a splendid crown in his hands, placed it upon his brow, and proclaimed him Cæsar Augustus. "God grant life and victory to the great emperor!" His words were lost in the acclamations of the soldiery, the people, and the clergy.

21. Charles was taken completely by surprise. What the consequences would be to Germany and to the papacy, how fatal to both, neither he nor Leo could see. So Charlemagne became King of Italy and Emperor of the West—the successor of the Cæsars of Rome.

22. When Charles felt that his end was approaching, he summoned all his nobles to Aix into the church he had there erected. There, on the altar, lay a golden crown. Charles made his son Ludwig, or Louis, stand before him, and, in the audience of his great men, gave him his last exhortation: to fear God and to love his people as his own children, to do right and to execute justice, and to walk in integrity before God and man. With streaming eyes Louis promised to fulfill his father's command. "Then," said Charles, "take this crown, and place it on your own head, and never forget the promise you have made this day."

*Sabine, Baring-Gould. "The Story of Germany."
Putnam's "Stories of the Nations" Series.*

WESTERN RECORD.

XXXVII.—THE NORSEMEN.

1. THE Gulf Stream flows so near to the southern coast of Norway, and to the Orkneys and Western Islands, that their climate is much less severe than might be supposed. Yet no one can help wondering why they were formerly so much more populous than now, and why the people who came westward even so long ago as the great Aryan migration, did not persist in turning aside to the more fertile countries that lay farther southward. In spite of all their disadvantages, the Scandinavian peninsula, and the sterile islands of the northern seas, were inhabited by men and women whose enterprise and intelligence ranked them above their neighbors.

2. Now, with the modern ease of travel and transportation, these poorer countries can be supplied from other parts of the world. And though the summers of Norway are misty and dark and short, and it is difficult to raise even a little hay on the bits of meadow among the rocky mountain-slopes, commerce can make up for all deficiencies. In early times there was no commerce, except that carried on by the pirates, if we may dignify their undertakings by such a respectable name, and it was hard-

ly possible to make a living from the soil alone. But it does not take us long to discover that the ancient Northmen were not farmers, but hunters and fishermen. It had grown more and more difficult to find food along the rivers and broad grassy wastes of inland Europe, and pushing westward they had at last reached the place where they could live beside waters that swarmed with fish and among hills that sheltered plenty of game.

3. The tribes that settled in the north grew in time to have many peculiarities of their own, and as their countries grew more and more populous, they needed more things that could not easily be had, and a fashion of plundering their neighbors began to prevail. Men were still more or less beasts of prey. Invaders must be kept out, and at last much of the industry of Scandinavia was connected with the carrying on of an almost universal fighting and marauding. Ships must be built, and there must be endless supplies of armor and weapons. Stones were easily collected for missiles or made fit for arrows and spear-heads, and metals were worked with great care.

4. In Norway and Sweden were the best places to find all these, and if the Northmen planned to fight a great battle, they had to transport a huge quantity of stones, iron, and bronze. It is easy to see why one day's battle was almost always decisive in ancient times, for supplies could not be quickly forwarded from point to point, and after the arrows were all shot and the conquered were chased off the field, they had no further means of offense except a hand-to-hand fight with those who had won the right to pick up the fallen spears at their leisure. So, too, an unexpected invasion was likely to prove successful; it was a work of time to get ready for a battle, and when the Northmen swooped down upon

some shore town of Britain or Gaul, the unlucky citizens were at their mercy. And while the Northmen had fish and game, and were mighty hunters, and their rocks and mines helped forward their warlike enterprises, so the forests supplied them with ship-timber, and they gained renown as sailors wherever their fame extended.

5. There was a great difference, however, between the manner of life in Norway and that of England and France. The Norwegian stone, however useful for arrow-heads or axes, was not fit for building purposes. There is hardly any clay there, either, to make bricks with, so that wood has usually been the only material for houses. In the southern countries there had always been rude castles in which the people could shelter themselves, but the Northmen could build no castles that a torch could not destroy. They trusted much more to their ships than to their houses, and some of their captains disdained to live on shore at all.

6. There is something refreshing in the stories of old Norse life; of its simplicity and freedom and childish zest. An old writer says that they had "a hankering after pomp and pageantry," and by means of this they came at last to doing things decently and in order, and to setting the fashions for the rest of Europe. There was considerable dignity in the manner of every-day life and housekeeping. Their houses were often very large, even two hundred feet long, with flaring fires on a pavement in the middle of the floor, and the beds built next the walls on three sides, sometimes hidden by wide tapestries or foreign cloth that had been brought home in the viking ships. In front of the beds were benches where each man had his seat and footstool, with his armor and weapons hung high on the wall above.

7. The master of the house had a high seat on the

north side in the middle of a long bench ; opposite was another bench for guests and strangers, while the women sat on the third side. The roof was high ; there were a few windows in it, and those were covered by skins, and let in but little light. The smoke escaped through openings in the carved, soot-blackened roof ; and though in later times the rich men's houses were more like villages, because they made groups of smaller buildings for store-houses, for guest-rooms, or for work-shops all around still, the idea of this primitive great hall or living-room has not even yet been lost. The latest copies of it in England and France that still remain are most interesting ; but what a fine sight it must have been at night when the great fires blazed and the warriors sat on their benches in solemn order, and the skalds recited their long sagas, of the host's own bravery or the valiant deeds of his ancestors ! Hospitality was almost chief among the virtues.

8. We must read what was written in their own language, and then we shall have more respect for the vikings and sea-kings, always distinguishing between these two ; for, while any peasant who wished could be a viking—a sea-robber—a sea-king was a king indeed, and must be connected with the royal race of the country. He received the title of king by right as soon as he took command of a ship's crew, though he need not have any land or kingdom. Vikings were merely pirates ; they might be peasants and vikings by turn, and won their names from the inlets, the viks or wicks, where they harbored their ships. A sea-king must be a viking, but naturally very few of the vikings were sea-kings.

9. The viking had rights in his own country, and knew what it was to enjoy those rights ; if he could win more land, he would know how to govern it, and he knew



A Viking's Home.

what he was fighting for, and meant to win. If we wonder why all this energy was spent on the high seas and in strange countries, there are two answers: first, that fighting was the natural employment of the men, and that no right could be held that could not be defended; but besides this, one form of their energy was showing itself at home in rude attempts at literature.

10. The more that we know of the Northmen, the more we are convinced how superior they were in their knowledge of the useful arts to the people whom they conquered. There is a legend that, when Charlemagne, in the ninth century, saw some pirate ships cruising in the Mediterranean, along the shores of which they had at last found their way, he covered his face and burst into tears. He was not so much afraid of their cruelty and barbarity as of their civilization. Nobody knew better that none of the Christian countries under his rule had ships or men that could make such a daring voyage. He knew that they were skillful workers in wood and iron, and had learned to be rope-makers and weavers; that they could make casks for their supply of drinking-water, and understood how to prepare food for their long cruises. All their swords and spears and bow-strings had to be made and kept in good condition, and sheltered from the sea-spray.

11. When we picture the famous sea-kings' ships to ourselves, we do not wonder that the Northmen were so proud of them, or that the skalds were never tired of recounting their glories. There were two kinds of vessels: the last-ships, that carried cargoes, and the long-ships, or ships of war. Listen to the splendors of the "Long Serpent," which was the largest ship ever built in Norway. A dragon-ship, to begin with, because all the long-ships had a dragon for a figure-head, except the smallest of

them, which were called cutters, and only carried ten or twenty rowers on a side. The "Long Serpent" had thirty-four rowers' benches on a side, and she was one hundred and eleven feet long. Over the sides were hung the shining red and white shields of the vikings, the gilded dragon's head towered high at the prow, and at the stern a gilded tail went curling off over the head of the steersman. Then, from the long body, the heavy oars swept forward and back through the water, and as it came down the fiord, the "Long Serpent" must have looked like some enormous centipede creeping out of its den on an awful errand, and heading out across the rough water toward its prey.

12. The voyages were often disastrous in spite of much clever seamanship. They knew nothing of the mariner's compass, and found their way chiefly by the aid of the stars—inconstant pilots enough on such foggy, stormy seas. They carried birds, too, oftenest ravens, and used to let them loose and follow them toward the nearest land. The black raven was the vikings' favorite symbol for their flags, and familiar enough it became in other harbors than their own. They were bold, hardy fellows, and held fast to a rude code of honor and rank of knighthood.

13. The valleys of the Elbe and the Rhine, of the Seine and the Loire, made a famous hunting-ground for the dragon-ships to seek.

14. The people who lived in France were of another sort, but they often knew how to defend themselves as well as the Northmen knew how to attack. There are few early French records for us to read, for the literature of that early day was almost wholly destroyed in the religious houses and public buildings of France. Here and there a few pages of a poem or of a biography or chroni-

cle have been kept, but from this very fact we can understand the miserable condition of the country.

15. The whole second half of the ninth century is taken up with the histories of these invasions. We must follow for a while the progress of events in Gaul, or France as we call it now, though it was made up then of a number of smaller kingdoms. The result of the great siege of Paris was only a settling of affairs with the Northmen for the time being; one part of the country was delivered from them at the expense of another.

16. They could be bought off and bribed for a time, but there was never to be any such thing as their going back to their own country and letting France alone for good and all. But as they gained at length whole tracts of country, instead of the little wealth of a few men to take away in their ships as at first, they began to settle down in their new lands and to become conquerors and colonists instead of mere plunderers. Instead of continually ravaging and attacking the kingdoms, they slowly became the owners and occupiers of the conquered territory; they pushed their way from point to point.

17. At first, as you have seen already they trusted to their ships, and always left their wives and children at home in the north countries, but as time went on, they brought their families with them and made new homes, for which they would have to fight many a battle yet. It would be no wonder if the women had become possessed by a love of adventure, too, and had insisted upon seeing the lands from which the rich booty was brought to them, and that they had been saying for a long time: "Show us the places where the grapes grow and the fruit-trees bloom, where men build great houses and live in them splendidly. We are tired of seeing only the long larchen beams of their high roofs, and the purple and

red and gold cloths, and the red wine and yellow wheat that you bring away. Why should we not go to live in that country, instead of your breaking it to pieces, and going there so many of you, every year, only to be slain as its enemies? We are tired of our sterile Norway and our great Danish deserts of sand, of our cold winds and wet weather, and our long winters that pass by so slowly while the fleets are gone. We would rather see Seville and Paris themselves, than only their gold and merchandise and the rafters of their churches that you bring home for ship timbers."

18. The kingdoms of France had been divided and subdivided, and, while we find a great many fine examples of resistance, and some great victories over the Northmen, they were not pushed out and checked altogether. Instead, they gradually changed into Frenchmen themselves, different from other Frenchmen only in being more spirited, vigorous and alert. They inspired every new growth of the religion, language, or manners, with their own splendid vitality. They were like plants that have grown in dry, thin soil, transplanted to a richer spot of ground, and sending out fresh shoots in the doubled moisture and sunshine. And presently we shall find the Northman becoming the Norman of history. As the Northman, almost the first thing we admire about him is his character, his glorious energy; as the Norman, we see that energy turned into better channels, and bringing a new element into the progress of civilization.

Sarah O. Jewett. "The Story of the Normans."

Putnam's "Stories of the Nations" Series.

XXXVIII.—ROLF THE GANGER.

1. THE ninth century was a sad time for both England and France. The Gothic tribes, in their march to the west had reached the sea in Denmark and Norway, and had increased to such an extent as to take up all the land fit for cultivation. The strength and courage which they had shown in many a battle-field on the land was now transferred to the sea, soldiers and knights becoming vikings and pirates. Fierce worshipers were they of the old gods Odin, Frey, and Thor. They plundered, they burned, they slew; they especially devastated churches and monasteries, and no coast was safe from them from the Adriatic to the farthest north—even Rome saw their longships, and, “From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord deliver us!” was the prayer in every litany of the West.

2. England had been well-nigh undone by them, when the spirit of her greatest king awoke, and by Alfred they were overcome. Some were permitted to settle down, and were taught Christianity and civilization, and the fresh invaders were driven from the coast. Alfred’s gallant son and grandson held the same course, guarded their coasts, and made their faith and themselves respected throughout the North. But in France, the much harassed house of Charles the Great, and the ill-compacted bond of different nations, were little able to oppose their fierce assaults, and ravage and devastation reigned from one end of the country to another.

3. However, the vikings, on returning to their native homes sometimes found their place filled up, and the family inheritance incapable of supporting so many. Thus they began to think of winning not merely gold and cattle, but lands and houses, on the coasts they pillaged. In Scotland, the Hebrides, and Ireland, they settled by leave

of nothing but their swords ; in England, by treaty with Alfred ; and in France, half by conquest, half by treaty, always, however, accepting Christianity as a needful obligation when they took posession of southern lands. Probably they thought Thor was only the god of the north, and that the "White Christ," as they called Him who was made known to them in these new countries was to be adored in what they deemed alone his territories.

4. Of all the sea-robbers who sailed from their rocky dwelling-places by the fiôrds of Norway, none enjoyed higher renown than Rolf, called the ganger, or walker, as tradition relates, because his stature was so gigantic that, when clad in full armor, no horse could support his weight, and he therefore always fought on foot.

5. Rolf's lot had, however, fallen in what he doubtless considered as evil days. No such burnings and plunderings as had hitherto wasted England and enriched Norway, fell to his share ; for Alfred had made the bravest Northman feel that his fleet and army were more than a match for theirs. Ireland was exhausted by the former depredations of the pirates, and, from a fertile and flourishing country had become a scene of desolation. Scotland and its isles were too barren to afford prey to the spoiler.

6. Rolf, presuming on the favor shown to his family while returning from an expedition on the Baltic, made a descent on the coast of Viken, a part of Norway, and carried off the cattle wanted by his crew. The king, who happened at that time to be in that district, was highly displeased, and, assembling a council, declared Rolf the Ganger an outlaw.

7. The banished Rolf found a great number of companions, who, like himself, were unwilling to submit to the strict rule of Harald, and setting sail with them, he

first plundered and devastated the coast of Flanders, and afterward returned to France. In the spring of 896 the citizens of Rouen, scarcely yet recovered from the miseries inflicted upon them by the fierce Danish rover Hastings, were dismayed by the sight of a fleet of long, low vessels, with spreading sails, heads carved like that of a serpent, and sterns finished like the tail of a reptile, such as they well knew to be the keels of the dreaded Northmen, the harbingers of destruction and desolation. Little hope of succor or protection was there from King Charles the Simple; and, indeed, had the sovereign been ever so warlike and energetic, it would little have availed Rouen, which might have been destroyed twice over before a messenger could reach Laon.

8. In this emergency, Franco, the archbishop, proposed to go forth to meet the Northmen and attempt to make terms for his flock. The offer was gladly accepted by the trembling citizens, and the good archbishop went, bearing the keys of the town, to visit the camp which the Northmen had begun to erect upon the bank of the river. They offered him no violence, and he performed his errand safely. Rolf, the rude generosity of whose character was touched by his fearless conduct, readily agreed to spare the lives and property of the citizens, on condition that Rouen was surrendered to him without resistance.

9. Entering the town, he there established his headquarters, and spent a whole year in the adjacent parts of the country, during which time the Northmen so faithfully observed their promise, that they were regarded by the Rouennais rather as friends than as conquerors; and Rolf, or Rollo, as the French called him, was far more popular among them than their real sovereign. Wherever he met with resistance, he showed, indeed, the relentless

cruelty of the heathen pirate ; wherever he found submission, he was a kind master.

10. In the course of the following year, he advanced along the banks of the Seine as far as its junction with the Eure. On the opposite side of the river there were visible a number of tents, where slept a numerous army, which Charles had at length collected to oppose this formidable enemy. The Northmen also set up their camp, in expectation of a battle, and darkness had just closed in on them when a shout was heard on the opposite side of the river, and to their surprise a voice was heard speaking in their own language. "Brave warriors, why come ye hither, and what do ye seek ?"

11. "We are Northmen, come hither to conquer France," replied Rollo. "But who art thou who speakest our tongue so well ?" "Heard ye never of Hasting ?" was the reply. "Yes," returned Rollo, "he began well, but ended badly." "Will ye not, then," continued the old pirate, "submit to my lord the king ? Will ye not hold of him lands and honors ?" "No," replied the Northmen, disdainfully, "we will own no lord, we will take no gift, but we will have what we ourselves can conquer by force."

12. Here Hasting took his departure, and returning to the French camp, strongly advised the commander not to hazard a battle. His counsel was overruled by a young standard-bearer, who, significantly observing, "Wolves make not war on wolves," so offended the old sea-king, that he quitted the army that night, and never again appeared in France. The wisdom of his advice was the next morning made evident, by the total defeat of the French, and the advance of the Northmen, who in a short space after appeared beneath the walls of Paris. Failing in their attempt to take the city, they returned to Rouen,

where they fortified themselves, making it the capital of the territory they had conquered.

13. Fifteen years passed away, the summers of which were spent in ravaging the dominions of Charles the Simple, and the winters in the city of Rouen, and in the meantime a change had come over the leader. He had been insensibly softened and civilized by his intercourse with the good Archbishop Franco, and finding, perhaps, that it was not quite so easy as he had expected to conquer the whole kingdom of France, he declared himself willing to follow the example which he once despised, and to become a vassal of the French crown for the duchy of Neustria.

14. Charles, greatly rejoiced to find himself thus able to put a stop to the dreadful devastations of the Northmen, readily agreed to the terms proposed by Rollo, appointing the village of St. Clair-sur-Epte, on the borders of Neustria, as the place of meeting for the purpose of receiving his homage and oath of fealty.

15. The greatest difficulty to be overcome in this conference was the repugnance felt by the proud Northman to perform the customary act of homage before any living man, especially one whom he held so cheap as Charles the Simple. He consented, indeed, to swear allegiance, and declare himself the "king's man," with his hands clasped between those of Charles. The remaining part of the ceremony, the kneeling to kiss the foot of the liege lord, he absolutely refused, and was with difficulty persuaded to permit one of his followers to perform it in his name. The proxy, as proud as his master, instead of kneeling, took the king's foot in his hand, and lifted it to his mouth while he stood upright, thus overturning both monarch and throne, amid the rude laughter of his companions, while the miserable Charles and his courtiers

felt such a dread of these new vassals that they did not dare resent the insult.

16. On his return to Rouen, Rollo was baptized, and, on leaving the cathedral, celebrated his conversion by large grants to the different churches and convents of his duchy, making a fresh gift on each of the days during which he wore the white robes of the newly baptized. All of his warriors who chose to follow his example, and embrace the Christian faith, received from him grants of land, to be held of him on the same terms as those by which he held the dukedom from the king. The country thus peopled by the Northmen, gradually assumed the name of Normandy.

17. Applying themselves with all the ardor of their temper to their new way of life, the Northmen quickly adopted the manners, language, and habits which were recommended to them as connected with the holy faith which they had just embraced, but without losing their own bold and vigorous spirit. Soon the gallant and accomplished Norman knight could scarcely have been recognized as the savage sea-robber, while, at the same time, he bore as little resemblance to the cruel and voluptuous French noble, at once violent and indolent.

18. There is no doubt, however, that the keen, unsophisticated vigor of Rollo, directed by his new religion did great good in Normandy, and that his justice was sharp, his discipline impartial, so that of him is told the famous old story bestowed upon other just princes, that a gold bracelet was left for three years untouched upon a tree in a forest. He had been married, as part of the treaty, to Gisèle, a daughter of King Charles the Simple, but he was an old grizzly warrior, and neither cared for the other. A wife whom he had long before taken, had borne him a son, named William, to whom he left his dukedom in 982.

XXXIX.—THE TRUE STORY OF MACBETH.

1. In the north of Scotland, where the cliffs bordering Moray Firth face the auroral heavens, are two ancient towns, Inverness and Forres, whose names are immortalized in Shakespeare's great tragedy of Macbeth, for it is in their vicinity that most of its scenes are laid.

2. It is a wild, lonely country, and must have been wilder and lonelier still eight hundred years ago, when from the neighboring Norway coast the black boats of the vikings, or North Sea rovers, used to come flocking into the quiet harbors of Moray and Cromarty Firths, like so many swift birds of prey swooping suddenly in from the gray horizon, snatching their plunder and flitting away on never-resting wings only to return in greater numbers and depart with richer booty.

3. In 1033–1039, when the sons of Canute the Dane were wearing the English crown, and not long after a few of the roving Norsemen had drifted away to plant a little history and a great mystery across the wide Atlantic, there reigned in Scotland a king by the name of Duncan Mac-Crinan. Among his nobles was a certain Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, about whom a great many stories are told, some of which would no doubt have made their subject open his eyes, for if we may credit the sober historians he was rather respectable than otherwise, and probably slept much better o' nights than Mr. Shakespeare would have us believe. It is even said that he made a pilgrimage to Rome and saw the Pope, which certainly ought to establish his virtue to anybody's satisfaction.

4. At all events he was a brave soldier and able general, and Duncan naturally thought that he had the right man in the right place when he gave him command of the royal army and sent him off to drive out Thorfinn

and Thorkell, two Norse chiefs who had come over to conquer Scotland.

5. Macbeth had wedded a lady named Grnoch Mac-Boedhe, which made him cousin to the king, and very likely put strange notions into his head, even if they never were there before. He was what we call "a rising man," and so, having gloriously defeated Thorfinn and Thorkell, or, some say, making them allies, he gloriously turned around and made war upon Duncan MacCrinan. In this struggle Duncan was killed or mortally wounded near Elgin, on Moray Firth, and Macbeth usurped the throne.

6. Others claim that Thorfinn had conquered that part of Scotland, that Macbeth was his vassal and merely fulfilled his duty to his over-lord in repelling an invasion by Duncan, in which the latter deservedly met the common fate of war.

7. It is very difficult to learn the real truth about people who lived before history was anything more than oral tradition, because, as in the case of Macbeth, a great many legends gradually clustered about their names, which were not committed to writing until many, many years after the events actually occurred. The very earliest Scotch writing ever discovered is only a charter, and is dated 1095, more than fifty years after Duncan was "in his grave," and it was more than three hundred years later that a Scotch prior, named Androwe of Wyntonne, wrote a long historical poem which he called an *Orygynale Cronykil* of Scotland. In it he relates the story of Macbeth and the three witches, and the murder of Duncan, though he says that Macbeth afterward made a very wise and just king, whose reign of seventeen years was marked by great abundance, and by royal almsgiving and zeal for "holy kirk."

8. But a Latin history of Scotland, written about a

hundred years before Shakespeare by an Aberdeen professor, and translated into English under the title of Holinshed's Chronicle, supplied the great dramatist with his plot, though it suited his purpose to combine the true story of Macbeth with the murder of an earlier king. Then, adding a great deal about ghosts and witches, and, above all, breathing into these dry, long-dead mummies the quickening breath of genius, the immortal playwright recreated a Macbeth who seems a far more real and living character than many of our contemporaries.

9. By whatever means Macbeth secured the throne, history and fiction agree as to the manner of his losing it. Duncan's sons, in reality mere infants at their father's death, were hurried away by their friends, and Malcolm, the elder, was committed to his mother's brother, Siward, Earl of Northumbria, who in good time aided his young kinsman to recover his birthright.

10. Macbeth, notwithstanding his prosperous reign, was regarded as a usurper, and was consequently very unpopular with the loyal Scotch, who, though proud and quarrelsome, were always devotedly true where they recognized an obligation of fealty. So when Malcolm returned they flocked around the beloved young heir, and defeated his enemy at Dunsinane, though Macbeth was not killed at this place, as Shakespeare says, but fled across the Grampians to rally at Lumphanan. Here he was slain and the victorious Malcolm—called in history Malcolm Canmore—now went to Scone and was crowned upon a famous stone, believed by the Scotch to be the same that Jacob used for his pillow. It is certainly the one that Edward I of England afterward took away and made the seat of the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey, where it is still to be seen.

11. But, like many another evil that has been wrought

before now, Macbeth's treason resulted in the ultimate good of his country ; for Malcolm, during his long exile, had become accustomed to the superior civilization of the English, and now introduced many improvements among his subjects. Having known, too, the sorrows of a fugitive, he welcomed to his court the Saxon princes fleeing from Norman William, among whom was Margaret Atheling, the gentle granddaughter of Edmund Ironsides, who became his bride, and whose winning graces went far toward refining the rude manners of the warlike Scots. One of their sons was the saintly King David, who founded Melrose Abbey, and who is said to have been to Scotland "all that Alfred was to England, and more than Louis was to France."

12. Another noble, called Banquo, seems to have had some part in Duncan's overthrow, but as the play of Macbeth was written in the reign of James I, who was a Scot and traced his descent back to Banquo, it was not deemed prudent or polite to represent the character in an unflattering light ; so he was pictured as noble and incorruptible, and was so unfortunate, poor man, as to have to be murdered to make the story end well.

13. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," gives us a story differing little from the outline of Shakespeare's drama, but then, who that has spent enraptured hours over Rob Roy and the Black Dwarf could wish the charming wizard to spoil a good story for the sake of mere historical exactness ? not I, surely ! And the Macbeth of history, no matter how zealously we may try to discover him, or how faithfully we may attempt, at this late day, to reconstruct his damaged reputation, he can never be to us anything better than a very misty tradition. Whatever he may have been eight hundred years ago, the Macbeth *we* know, the only real Macbeth

there is or ever can be, is after all the one that met the witches in the thunder-storm on Forres Heath and then went home and murdered the gentle old king who "had so much blood in him," and a moment later, startled by the knocking at the gate, exclaimed in bitterest remorse: "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!"

14. If you read this scene in the silent hours when every one else in the house is sleeping, you will almost believe that you murdered Duncan yourself, and that you hear Lady Macbeth's hoarse whisper in your ear: "To bed, to bed, there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done can not be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed."

15. Then you will shut the book in sudden terror of the lonely midnight, and scramble into bed with the blood curdling in your veins, and presently, aided by the darkness, your imagination will bridge the gulf of centuries, and you will seem to see a long vaulted hall in a mediaeval palace, and in the hall a banquet spread, around which gather lords of high degree, while on the canopied dais at the upper end sit King Macbeth and his white-haired, pitiless, guilty queen. And from the rainy outer darkness you may catch the faint echo of a mortal cry: "Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!" And then as you picture the king stepping down from his royal seat to meet a blood-stained murderer at the door, you will have a momentary glimpse of Banquo lying in the roadside ditch "with twenty trenchéd gashes in his head," and of Fleance speeding away alone through the stormy night.

XL.—DUKE WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

1. Now Duke William was in his park at Rouen, and in his hands he held a bow ready strung, for he was going hunting, and many knights and squires with him. And behold, there came to the gate a messenger from England; and he went straight to the duke and drew him aside, and told him secretly how King Edward's life had come to an end, and Harold had been made king in his stead. And when the duke had heard the tidings, and understood all that was come to pass, those that looked upon him perceived that he was greatly enraged, for he forsook the chase, and went in silence, speaking no word to any man, clasping and unclaspings his cloak, neither dared any man speak to him; but he crossed over the Seine in a boat, and went to his hall, and sat down on a bench; and he covered his face with his mantle, and leaned down his head, and there he abode, turning about restlessly for one hour after another in gloomy thought. And none dared speak a word to him, but they spake to one another, saying: "What ails the duke? Why bears he such a mien?"

2. "That is it that troubles me," said the duke. "I grieve because Edward is dead, and that Harold has done me a wrong; for he has taken my kingdom who was bound to me by oath and promise." To these words answered Fitz-Osbern the bold: "Sir, tarry not, but make ready with speed to avenge yourself on Harold, who has been disloyal to you; for if you lack not courage, there will be left no land to Harold. Summon all whom you may summon, cross the sea and seize his lands; for no brave man should begin a matter and not carry it on to the end."

3. Then William sent messengers to Harold to call

upon him to keep the oath that he had sworn ; but Harold replied in scorn that he would not marry his daughter, nor give up his land to him. And William sent to him his defiance ; but Harold answered that he feared him not, and he drove all the Normans out of the land, with their wives and children, for King Edward had given them lands and castles, but Harold chased them out of the country ; neither would he let one remain. And at Christmas he took the crown, but it would have been well for himself and his land if he had not been crowned, since for the kingdom he perjured himself, and his reign lasted but a short space.

4. Then Duke William called together his barons, and told them all his will, and how Harold had wronged him, and that he would cross the sea and revenge himself ; but without their aid he could not gather men enough, nor a large navy ; therefore, he would know of each one of them how many men and ships he would bring. And they prayed for leave to take counsel together, and the duke granted their request. And their deliberations lasted long, for many complained that their burdens were heavy, and some said that they would bring ships and cross the sea with the duke, and others said they would not go, for they were in debt and poor. Thus some would and some would not, and there was great contention between them.

5. Then Fitz-Osbern came to them and said : “ Wherefore dispute you, sirs ? Ye should not fail your natural lord when he goes seeking honors. Ye owe him service for your fiefs, and where ye owe service ye should serve with all your power. Ask not delay, nor wait until he prays you ; but go before, and offer him more than you can do. Let him not lament that his enterprise failed for your remissness.” But they answered : “ Sir, we fear

the sea, and we owe no service across the sea. Speak for us, we pray you, and answer in our stead. Say what you will, and we will abide by your words." "Will ye all leave yourselves to me?" he said. And each one answered: "Yes. Let us go to the duke, and you shall speak for us."

6. And Fitz-Osbern turned himself about and went before him to the duke, and spoke for them, and he said: "Sir, no lord has such men as you have, and who will do so much for their lord's honor, and you ought to love and keep them well. For you they say they would be drowned in the sea or thrown into the fire. You may trust them well, for they have served you long and followed you at great cost. And if they have done well, they will do better; for they will pass the sea with you, and will double their service. For he who should bring twenty knights will gladly bring forty, and he who should serve you thirty will bring sixty, and he from whom one hundred is due will willingly bring two hundred. And I, in loving loyalty, will bring in my lord's business sixty ships, well arrayed and laden with fighting men."

7. But the barons marveled at him, and murmured aloud at the words that he spake and the promises he made, for which they had given him no warrant. And many contradicted him, and there arose a noise and loud disturbance among them; for they feared that if they doubled their service it would become a custom, and be turned into a feudal right. And the noise and outcry became so great that a man could not hear what his fellow said. Then the duke went aside, for the noise displeased him, and sent for the barons one by one, and spoke to each one of the greatness of the enterprise, and that if they would double their service, and do freely more than their due, it should be well for them, and that

he would never make it a custom, nor require of them any service more than was the usage of the country, and such as their ancestors had paid to their lord. Then each one said he would do it, and he told how many ships he would bring, and the duke had them all written down in brief. Bishop Odo, his brother, brought him forty ships, and the Bishop of Le Mans prepared thirty, with their mariners and pilots. And the duke prayed his neighbors of Brittany, Anjou, and Maine, Ponthieu, and Boulogne, to aid him in this business; and he promised them lands if England were conquered, and rich gifts and large pay. Thus from all sides came soldiers to him.

8. Then he showed the matter to his lord the King of France, and he sought him at St. Germer, and found him there; and he said that he would aid him, so that by his aid he won his right, he would hold England from him and serve him for it. But the king answered that he would not aid him, neither with his will should he pass the sea; for the French prayed him not to aid him, saying he was too strong already, and that if he let him add riches from over the sea to his lands of Normandy and all his good knights, there would never be peace. "And when England shall be conquered," said they, "you will hear no more of his service. He pays little service now, but then it will be less. The more he has, the less he will do."

9. So the duke took leave of the king, and came away in a rage, saying: "Sir, I go to do the best I can, and if God will that I gain my right you shall see me no more but for evil. And if I fail, and the English can defend themselves, my children shall inherit my lands, and thou shalt not conquer them. Living or dead, I fear no menace!"

10. Then the duke sent to Rome clerks that were

skilled in speech, and they told the Pope how Harold had sworn falsely, and that Duke William promised that if he conquered England he would hold it of St. Peter. And the Pope sent him a standard and a very precious ring, and underneath the stone there was, it is said, a hair of St. Peter's. And about that time there appeared a great star shining in the south with very long rays, such a star as is seen when a kingdom is about to have a new king. I have spoken with many men who saw it, and those who are cunning in the stars call it a comet.

11. Then the duke called together carpenters and ship-builders, and in all the ports of Normandy there was sawing of planks and carrying of wood, spreading of sails and setting up of masts, with great labor and industry. Thus all the summer long and through the month of August they made ready the fleet and assembled the men; for there was no knight in all the land, nor any good sergeant, nor archer, nor any peasant of good courage, of age to fight, whom the duke did not summon to go with him to England.

12. When the ships were ready, they were anchored in the Somme at St. Valery. And as the renown of the duke went abroad there came to him soldiers one by one or two by two, and the duke kept them with him, and promised them much. And some asked for lands in England, and others pay and large gifts. But I will not write down what barons, knights, and soldiers the duke had in his company; but I have heard my father say (I remember it well, though I was but a boy) that there were seven hundred ships, save four, when they left St. Valery—ships, and boats, and little skiffs. But I found it written (I know not the truth) that there were three thousand ships carrying sails and masts.

13. And at St. Valery they tarried long for a favor-

able wind, and the barons grew weary with waiting ; and they prayed those of the convent to bring out to the camp the shrine of St. Valery, and they came to it and prayed they might cross the sea, and they offered money till all the holy body was covered with it, and the same day there sprang up a favorable wind. Then the duke put a lantern on the mast of his ship, that the other ships might see it and keep their course near, and an ensign of gilded copper on the top ; and at the head of the ships, which mariners call the prow, there was a child made of copper holding a bow and arrow, and he had his face toward England, and seemed about to shoot.

14. Thus the ships came to port, and they all arrived together and anchored together on the beach, and together they all disembarked. And it was near Hastings, and the ships lay side by side. And the good sailors and sergeants and esquires sprang out, and cast anchor, and fastened the ships with ropes ; and they brought out their shields and saddles, and led forth the horses.

15. The archers were the first to come to land, every one with his bow and his quiver and arrows by his side, all shaven and dressed in short tunics, ready for battle and of good courage ; and they searched all the beach, but no armed man could they find. When they were issued forth, then came the knights in armor, with helmet laced and shield on neck, and together they came to the sand and mounted their war-horses ; and they had their swords at their sides, and rode with lances raised. The barons had their standards and the knights their pennons. After them came the carpenters, with their axes in their hands and their tools hanging by their side. And when they came to the archers and to the knights they took counsel together, and brought wood from the ships and fastened it together with bolts and bars, and before the

evening was well come they had made themselves a strong fort. And they lighted fires and cooked food, and the duke and his barons and knights sat down to eat; and they all ate and drank plentifully and rejoiced that they were come to land.

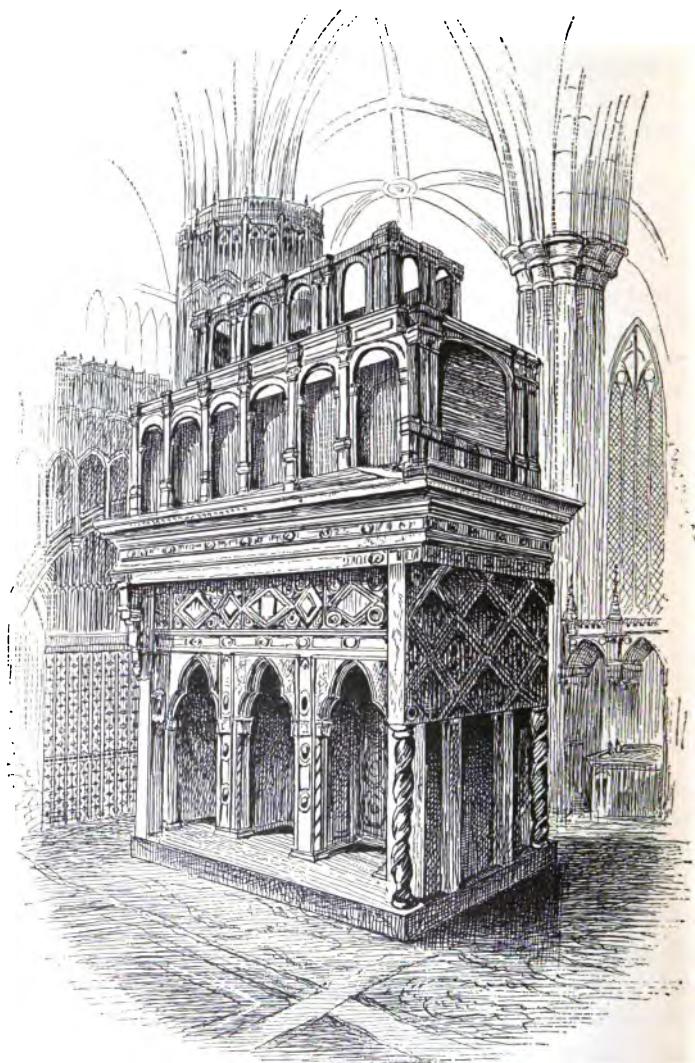
16. When the duke came forth of his ship he fell on his hands to the ground, and there rose a great cry, for all said it was an evil sign; but he cried aloud: "Lords, I have seized the land with my two hands, and will never yield it. All is ours." Then a man ran to land and laid his hand upon a cottage, and took a handful of the thatch, and returned to the duke. "Sir," said he, "take seizin of the land; yours is the land without doubt." Then the duke commanded the mariners to draw all the ships to land and pierce holes in them and break them to pieces, for they should never return by the way they had come.

"Belt and Spur," Stories of the Old Knights.

XLI.—THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

1. Poor old Edward the Confessor, holy, weak, and sad, lay in his new choir of Westminster—where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The crowned ascetic had left no heir behind. England seemed as a corpse, to which all the eagles might gather together; and the South-English, in their utter need, had chosen for their king the ablest, and it may be the justest, man in Britain—Earl Harold Godwinson: himself, like half the upper classes of England then, of all-dominant Norse blood; for his mother was a Danish princess.

2. Then out of Norway, with a mighty host, came



Edward the Confessor's Tomb.

Harold Hardraade, taller than all men, the ideal Viking of his time. He had been away to Russia to King Jaroslaf; he had been in the Emperor's Varanger guard at Constantinople—and, it was whispered, had slain a lion there with his bare hands; he had carved his name and his comrades' in Runic characters—if you go to Venice you may see them at this day—on the loins of the great marble lion, which stood in his time not in Venice but in Athens. And now, King of Norway and conqueror, for the time, of Denmark, why should he not take England, as Sweyn and Canute took it sixty years before, when the flower of the English gentry perished at the fatal battle of Assingdune? If he and his half-barbarous host had conquered, the civilization of Britain would have been thrown back, perhaps, for centuries. But it was not to be.

3. England *was* to be conquered by the Normans; but by the civilized, not the barbaric; by the Norse who had settled, but four generations before, in the northeast of France under Rou, Rollo, Rolf the Ganger, so called, they say, because his legs were so long that, when on horseback, he touched the ground and seemed to gang, or walk. He and his Norsemen had taken their share of France, and called it Normandy to this day; and meanwhile, with that docility and adaptability which marks so often truly great spirits, they changed their creed, their language, their habits, and had become, from heathen and murderous Berserkers, the most truly civilized people in Europe, and—as was most natural then—the most faithful allies and servants of the Pope of Rome. So greatly had they changed, and so fast, that William Duke of Normandy, the great-great-grandson of Rolf the wild Viking, was perhaps the finest gentleman, as well as the most cultivated sovereign and the greatest statesman and warrior in Europe.

4. So Harold of Norway came with all his Vikings to Stamford Bridge by York; and took, by coming, only that which Harold of England promised him, namely, "forasmuch as he was taller than any other man, seven feet of English ground."

5. The story of that great battle, told with a few inaccuracies, but as only great poets tell, you should read, if you have not read it already, in the "Heimskringla" of Snorri Sturluson, the Homer of the North:

High feast that day held the birds of the air
and the beasts of the field,
White-tailed erm and sallow glede,
Dusky raven, with horny neb,
And the gray deer the wolf of the wood.

The bones of the slain, men say, whitened the place for fifty years to come.

6. And remember that on the same day on which that fight befell—September 27, 1066—William, Duke of Normandy, with all his French-speaking Norsemen, was sailing across the British Channel, under the protection of a banner consecrated by the Pope, to conquer that England which the Norse-speaking Normans could not conquer.

7. And now King Harold showed himself a man. He turned at once from the north of England to the south. He raised the folk of the southern, as he had raised those of the central and northern shires; and in sixteen days—after a march which in those times was a prodigious feat—he was intrenched upon the fatal down which men called Heathfield then, and Senlac, but Battle to this day—with William and his French Normans opposite him on Telham Hill.

8. Then came the battle of Hastings. You all know what befell upon that day, and how the old weapon was

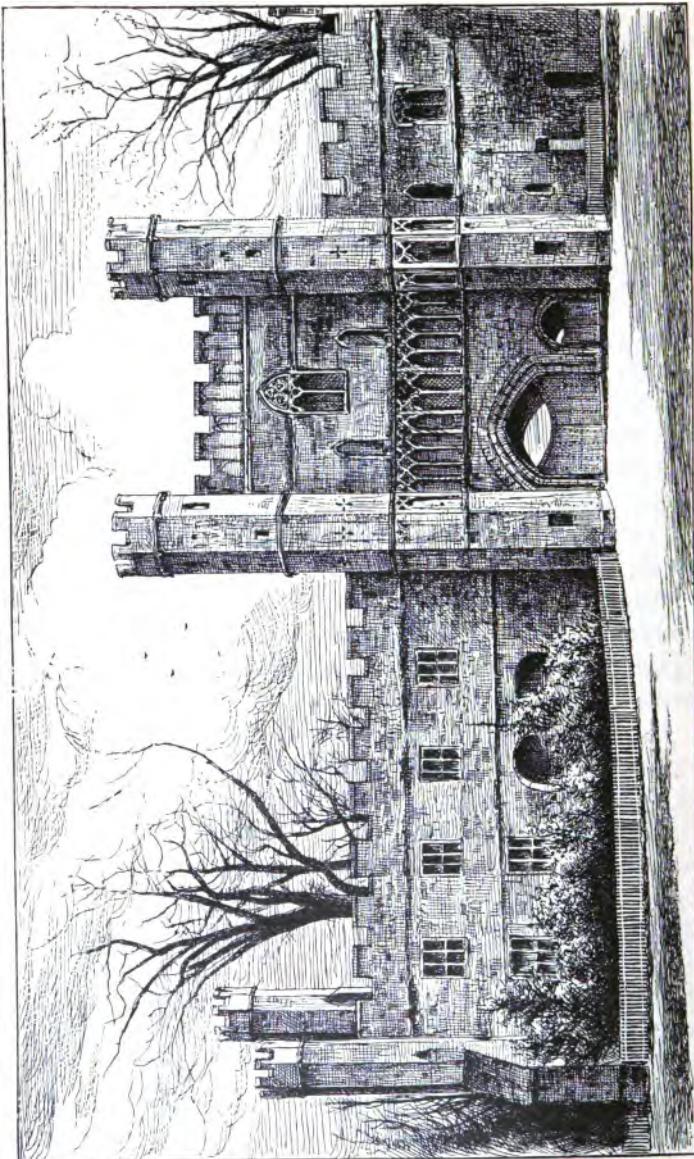
matched against the new—the English axe against the Norman lance—and beaten only because the English broke their ranks.

9. It was a fearful time which followed. I can not but believe that our forefathers had been, in some way or other, great sinners, or two such conquests as Canute's and William's would not have fallen on them within the short space of sixty years. They did not want for courage, as Stamford Brigg and Hastings showed full well. English swine, their Norman conquerors called them often enough, but never English cowards.

10. Their ruinous vice, if we trust the records of the time, was what the old monks called *accidia*, and ranked it as one of the seven deadly sins: a general careless, sleepy, comfortable habit of mind, which lets all go its way for good or evil—a habit of mind too often accompanied, as in the case of the Anglo-Danes, with self-indulgence, often coarse enough. Huge eaters and huger drinkers, fuddled with ale, were the men who went down at Hastings—though they went down like heroes—before the staid and sober Norman out of France.

11. But these were fearful times. As long as William lived, ruthless as he was to all rebels, he kept order and did justice with a strong and steady hand; for he brought with him from Normandy the instincts of a truly great statesman. And in his sons' time matters grew worse and worse. After that, in the troubles of Stephen's reign, anarchy let loose tyranny in its most fearful form, and things were done which recall the cruelties of the old Spanish *conquistadores* in America. Scott's charming romance of "Ivanhoe" must be taken, I fear, as a too true picture of English society in the time of Richard I.

12. And what came of it all? What was the result of all this misery and wrong? This, paradoxical as it



Battle Abbey.

may seem : that the Norman conquest was the making of the English people ; of the free commons of England.

13. Paradoxical, but true. First, you must dismiss from your minds the too common notion that there is now in England a governing Norman aristocracy, or that there has been one, at least since the year 1215, when the *Magna Charta* was won from the Norman John by Normans and by English alike. For the first victors at Hastings, like the first *conquistadores* in America, perished, as the monk chronicles point out, rapidly by their own crimes ; and very few of our nobility can trace their names back to the authentic Battle Abbey roll.

14. The cause is plain : The conquest of England by the Normans was not one of those conquests of a savage by a civilized race, or of a cowardly race by a brave race, which results in the slavery of the conquered, and leaves the gulf of caste between two races—master and slave. The vast majority, all but the whole population of England, have always been free, and free as they are not when caste exists to change their occupations. They could intermarry, if they were able men, into the rank above them ; as they could sink, if they were unable men, into the rank below them.

15. Nay, so utterly made up now is the old blood-feud between Norman and Englishman, between the descendants of those who conquered and those who were conquered, that, in the children of the Prince of Wales, after eight hundred years, the blood of William of Normandy is mingled with the blood of Harold, who fell at Hastings. And so, by the bitter woes which followed the Norman conquest was the whole population, Dane, Angle, and Saxon, earl and churl, freeman and slave, crushed and welded together into one homogeneous mass, made just and merciful toward each other by the most whole-

some of all teachings, a community of suffering ; and if they had been, as I fear they were, a lazy and a sensual people, were taught—

That life is not as idle ore,
But heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom
To shape and use.

Charles Kingsley.

*XLII.—KING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION IN
THE HOLY LAND.*

1. At the end of August, 1191, Richard led his crusading troops from Acre into the midst of the wilderness of Mount Carmel, where their sufferings were terrible ; the rocky, sandy, and uneven ground was covered with bushes full of long, sharp prickles, and swarms of noxious insects buzzed in the air, fevering the Europeans with their stings ; and in addition to these natural obstacles, multitudes of Arab horsemen harrassed them on every side, slaughtering every straggler who dropped behind from fatigue, and attacking them so unceasingly that it was remarked, that throughout their day's track there was not one space of four feet without an arrow sticking in the ground. Richard fought indefatigably, always in the van, and ready to reward the gallant exploits of his knights. A young knight who bore a white shield, in hopes of gaining some honorable bearing, so distinguished himself that Richard thus greeted him at the close of the day : “ Maiden knight, you have borne yourself as a lion, and done the deed of six crusaders.”

2. At Arsaf, on the 7th of September, a great battle

Battle of Artauf.



was fought. Saladin and his brother had almost defeated the two religious orders (the Templars and the Hospitaliers), and the gallant French knight Jacques d'Avesne, after losing his leg by a stroke from a cimeter, fought bravely on, calling on the English king until he fell overpowered by numbers. Cœur de Lion and Guillaume des Barres retrieved the day, hewed down the enemy on all sides, and remained masters of the field. It is even said that Richard and Saladin met hand to hand, but this is uncertain. This victory opened the way to Joppa, where the crusaders spent the next month in the repair of the fortifications, while the Saracen forces lay at Ascalon.

3. While here, Richard often amused himself with hawking, and one day was asleep under a tree when he was aroused by the approach of a party of Saracens, and springing on his horse Frannelle, which had been taken at Cyprus, he rashly pursued them and fell into an ambush. Four knights were slain, and he would have been seized had not a Gascon knight named Guillaume des Parcelets called out that he himself was the *Malak Rik* (great king), and allowed himself to be taken. Richard offered ten noble Saracens in exchange for this generous knight, whom Saladin restored together with a valuable horse that had been captured at the same time. A present of another Arab steed accompanied them; but Richard's half-brother, William Longsword, insisted on trying the animal before the king should mount it. No sooner was he on its back, than it dashed at once across the country, and before he could stop it he found himself in the midst of the enemy's camp. The two Saracen princes were extremely shocked and distressed lest this should be supposed a trick, and instantly escorted Longsword back with a gift of three chargers, which proved to be more manageable.

4. From Joppa the crusaders marched to Ramla, and thence, on New Year's Day, 1192, set out for Jerusalem through a country full of greater obstacles than they had yet encountered. They were too full of spirit to be discouraged until they came to Bethany, where the two Grand Masters represented to Richard the imprudence of laying siege to such fortifications as those of Jerusalem at such a season of the year, while Ascalon was ready in his rear for a post whence the enemy would attack him.

5. He yielded, and retreated to Ascalon, which Saladin had ruined and abandoned, and began eagerly to repair the fortifications so as to be able to leave a garrison there. The soldiers grumbled, saying they had not come to Palestine to build Ascalon, but to conquer Jerusalem ; whereupon Richard set the example of himself carrying stones, and called on Leopold, the Duke of Austria, to do the same. The sulky reply, "He was not the son of a mason," so irritated Richard, that he struck him a blow; Leopold straightway quitted the army, and returned to Austria.

6. It was not without great grief and many struggles that Cœur de Lion finally gave up his hopes of taking Jerusalem. He again advanced as far as Bethany ; but a quarrel with Hugh of Burgundy, and the defection of the Austrians made it impossible for him to proceed, and he turned back to Ramla. While riding out with a party of knights, one of them called out, "This way, my lord, and you will see Jerusalem." "Alas!" said Richard, hiding his face with his mantle, "those who are not worthy to win the Holy City are not worthy to behold it." He returned to Acre ; but there hearing that Saladin was besieging Joppa, he embarked his troops and sailed to its aid.

7. The crescent (the standard of the Saracens) shone

on its walls as he entered the harbor ; but while he looked on in dismay, he was hailed by a priest who had leaped into the sea and swum out to inform him that there was yet time to rescue the garrison, though the town was in the hands of the enemy. He hurried his vessel forward, leaped into the water breast-high, dashed upward on the shore, ordered his immediate followers to raise a bulwark of casks and beams to protect the landing of the rest, and rushing up a flight of steps, entered the city alone. "St. George! St. George!" That cry dismayed the infidels, and those in the town to the number of three thousand fled in the utmost confusion, and were pursued for two miles by three knights who had been fortunate enough to find him.

8. Richard pitched his tent outside the walls, and remained there with so few troops that all were contained in ten tents. Very early one morning, before the king was out of bed, a man rushed into his tent, crying out: "O king! we are all dead men!" Springing up, Richard fiercely silenced him: "Peace! or thou diest by my hand!" Then, while hastily donning his suit of mail, he heard that the glitter of arms had been seen in the distance, and in another moment the enemy were upon them, seven thousand in number. Richard had neither helmet nor shield, and only seventeen of his knights had horses; but undaunted he drew up his little force in a compact body, the knights kneeling on one knee covered by their shields, their lances pointing outward, and between each pair an archer with an assistant to load his cross-bow; and he stood in the midst encouraging them with his voice, and threatening to cut off the head of the first who turned to fly. In vain did the Saracens charge that mass of brave men, not one seventh of their number; the shields and lances were impenetrable; and without one forward step

or one bolt from the cross-bows, their passive steadiness turned back wave after wave of the enemy.

9. At last the king gave the word for the cross-bowmen to advance, while he, with the seventeen mounted knights charged, lance in rest. His curtal axe bore down all before it, and he dashed like lightning from one part of the plain to another, with not a moment to smile at the opportune gift from the polite *Malek-el-Afdal*, who, in the hottest of the fight, sent him two fine horses, desiring him to use them in escaping from this dreadful peril. Little did the Saracen princes imagine that they would find him victorious, and that they would mount two more pursuers!

10. Next came a terrified fugitive with news that three thousand Saracens had entered Joppa! Richard summoned a few knights, and without a word to the rest galloped back into the city. The panic inspired by his presence instantly cleared the streets, and riding back, he again led his troops to the charge; but such were the swarms of Saracens, that it was not till evening that the Christians could give themselves a moment's rest, or look round and feel that they had gained one of the most wonderful of victories. Since daybreak Richard had not laid aside his sword or axe, and his hand was all over blistered. No wonder that the terror of his name endured for centuries in Palestine, and that the Arab chided his starting horse with, "Dost think that yonder is the *Malek Rik*?" while the mother stilled her crying child by threats that the *Malek Rik* should take it.

11. These violent exertions seriously injured Richard's health, and a low fever placed him in great danger, as well as several of his best knights. No command or persuasion could induce the rest to commence any enterprise without him, and the tidings from Europe induced him to conclude a peace and return home. *Malek-el-Afdal*

came to visit him, and a truce was signed for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, three hours, and three minutes, thus so quaintly arranged in accordance with some astrological views of the Saracens. Ascalon was to be demolished on condition that free access to Jerusalem was to be allowed to the pilgrims; but Saladin would not restore the piece of the True Cross, as he was resolved not to conduce to what he considered idolatry.

12. Richard sent notice that he was coming back with double his present force to effect the conquest, and the Sultan answered, that if the Holy City was to pass into Frank hands, none could be nobler than those of the Malek Rik. Fever and debility detained Richard a month longer at Joppa, during which time he sent the Bishop of Salisbury to carry his offerings to Jerusalem. The prelate was invited to the presence of Saladin, who spoke in high terms of Richard's courage, but censured his rash exposure of his own life. On October 9, 1193, *Cœur de Lion* took leave of Palestine, watching with tears its receding shores, as he exclaimed, "O, Holy Land, I commend thee and thy people unto God. May He grant me yet to return to aid thee!"

Charlotte M. Yonge.

XLIII.—KING JOHN AND THE CHARTER.

1. ON his return from the crusade Richard was taken prisoner by the Duke of Austria. He bought his release only to find King Philip attacking his French dominions, and to plunge into wearisome and indecisive wars, in the midst of which he was slain at the Castle of Chaluz. His brother John, who followed him on the throne, was a vile

and weak ruler, under whom the great sovereignty built up by Henry II broke utterly down. Normandy, Maine, and Anjou were reft from him by Philip of France, and only Aquitaine remained to him on that side of the sea. In England his lust and oppression drove people and nobles to join in resistance to him; and their resistance found a great leader in the Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton.

2. From the moment of his landing in England, Stephen Langton had taken up the constitutional position of the primate in upholding the old customs and rights of the realm against the personal despotism of the kings. As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobald had withstood Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John. He had already forced him to swear to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, in other words the traditional liberties of the realm. When the baronage refused to sail for Poitou, saying that they owed service to him in England, but not in foreign lands, he compelled the king to deal with them not by arms, but by process of law. But the work which he now undertook was far greater and weightier than this. The pledges of Henry the First had long been forgotten when the justiciar brought them to light, but Langton saw the vast importance of such a precedent. At the close of the month he produced Henry's charter in a fresh gathering of barons at St. Paul's, and it was at once welcomed as a base for the needed reforms. From London Langton hastened to the king, whom he reached at Northampton on his way to attack the nobles of the north, and wrested from him a promise to bring his strife with them to legal judgment before assailing them in arms.

3. With his enemies gathering abroad, John had

doubtless no wish to be entangled in a long quarrel at home, and the archbishop's mediation allowed him to withdraw with seeming dignity. After a demonstration therefore at Durham John marched hastily south again, and reached London in October. His justiciar Geoffry Fitz-Peter at once laid before him the claims of the Council of St. Alban's and St. Paul's, but the death of Geoffry at this juncture freed him from the pressure which his minister was putting upon him. "Now, by God's feet," cried John, "I am for the first time king and lord of England," and he intrusted the vacant justiciarship to a Poitevin, Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, whose temper was in harmony with his own. But the death of Geoffry only called the archbishop to the front, and Langton at once demanded the king's assent to the charter of Henry the First.

4. In seizing on this charter as a basis for national action, Langton showed a political ability of the highest order. The enthusiasm with which its recital was welcomed showed the sagacity with which the archbishop had chosen his ground. From that moment the baronage was no longer drawn together in secret conspiracies by a sense of common wrong or a vague longing for common deliverance; they were openly united in a definite claim of national freedom and national law. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, the nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the king's seal, and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the Church by granting it freedom of election, while he imbittered still more the strife with

his nobles by demanding scutage * from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act, and early in January, in the memorable year 1215, they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the king.

5. John was taken by surprise. He asked for a truce till Easter-tide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the Church, and took vows as a crusader against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the king the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf, the Pope's legate, was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed; and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the king. He was far indeed from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him, men such as Geoffrey de Lucy, Geoffrey de Furnival, Thomas Basset, and William Briwere, statesmen trained in the administrative school of his father, and who, dissent as they might from John's mere oppression, still looked on the power of the crown as the one barrier against feudal anarchy; and beside them stood some of the great nobles of royal blood, Earl William of Salisbury, his cousin Earl William of Warenne, and Henry, Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of Henry the First. With him too remained Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and the wisest and noblest of the barons, William Marshal, the elder Earl of Pem-

* Scutage, or shield-money, was the commutation paid in lieu of military service by all who owed service to the king.

broke. William Marshal had shared in the rising of the younger Henry against Henry II, and stood by him as he died ; he had shared in the overthrow of William Longchamp, and in the outlawry of John. He was now an old man, firm, as we shall see in his aftercourse, to recall the government to the path of freedom and law, but shrinking from a strife which might bring back the anarchy of Stephen's day, and looking for reforms rather in the bringing constitutional pressure to bear upon the king than in forcing them from him by arms.

6. But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley in Northamptonshire to lay their claims before the king. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom ?" he cried. "I will never grant such liberties as will make me a slave!" The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father's court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land ; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the baron's claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights.

7. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May, London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz Walter as "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church."



King John and the Charter.

Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital ; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales, the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the king, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the "Army of God." Pandulf, indeed, and Archbishop Langton still remained with John, but they counseled as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled his acceptance of the charter. None, in fact, counseled its rejection save his new justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches and other foreigners who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small ; there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter, he had summoned mercenaries to his aid and appealed to his new suzerain, the Pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity, and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river-side, the meadow of Runnymede.

8. The king encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July in the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day.

John Richard Green.

XLIV.—AN EARLY ELECTION TO PARLIAMENT.

THE following preliminary sketch by J. R. Green, the historian, serves as an introduction to Palgrave's picture of an election under Edward I.:

"It was Edward the First, who first made laws in what has ever since been called Parliament. For this purpose he called on the shires and larger towns to choose men to 'represent' them, or appear in their stead in the Great Council; the shires sending knights of the shire, the towns burgesses. These, added to the peers or high nobles and to the bishops, made up Parliament.

"The business of Parliament was not only to make good laws for the realm, but to grant money to the king for the needs of the state in peace and war, and to authorize him to raise this money by taxes or subsidies from his subjects. So at first people saw little of the great good of such Parliaments, but dreaded their calling together, because they brought taxes with them. Nor did men seek, as they do now, to be chosen members of Parliament, for the way thither was long and travel costly, and so they did their best not to be chosen, and when chosen had to be bound over under pain of heavy fines to serve in Parliament."

1. During the last half-hour the suitors had been gathering round the shire-oak awaiting the arrival of the high officer whose duty it was to preside. Notwithstanding the size of the meeting, there was an evident system in the crowd. A considerable proportion of the throng consisted of little knots of husbandmen or churls, four or five of whom were generally standing together, each company seeming to compose a deputation. The churls might be easily distinguished by their dress, a long frock of coarse yet snow-white linen hanging down to the same length before and behind, and ornamented round the neck with broidery rudely executed in blue thread. They wore, in fact, the attire of the carter and plowman, a garb which was common enough in country parts about five-and-twenty years ago, but which will probably soon be recol-

lected only as an ancient costume, cast away with all the other obsolete characteristics of merry old England.



An Early Election to Parliament.

2. These groups of peasantry were the representatives of their respective townships, the rural communes into which the whole realm was divided; and each had a

species of chieftain or head-man in the person of an individual who, though it was evident that he belonged to the same rank in society, gave directions to the rest. Interspersed among the churls, though not confounded with them, were also very many well-clad persons, possessing an appearance of rustic respectability, who were also subjected to some kind of organization, being collected into sets of twelve men each, who were busily employed in confabulation among themselves. These were "the sworn centenary deputies" or jurors, the sworn men who answered for or represented the several hundreds.

3. A third class of members of the shire court could be equally distinguished, proudly known by their gilt spurs and blazoned tabards as the provincial knighthood, and who, though thus honored, appeared to mix freely and affably in converse with the rest of the commons of the shire.

4. A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the high-sheriff, Sir Giles de Argentein, surrounded by his escort of javelin-men, tall yeomen, all arrayed in a uniform suit of livery, and accompanied, among others, by four knights, the coroners, who took cognizance of all pleas that concerned the king's rights within the county, and who, though they yielded precedence to the sheriff, were evidently considered to be almost of equal importance with him. "My masters," said the sheriff to the assembled crowd, "even now hath the port-joye* of the chancery delivered to me certain most important writs of our sovereign lord the king, containing his Grace's high commands." At this time the chancellor, who might be designated as principal secretary of state for all departments, was the great medium of communication between king and subject: whatever the sovereign had to ask or

* The port-joye was the messenger of the chancellor.

tell was usually asked or told by, or under, the directions of this high functionary.

5. Now, although the gracious declarations which the chancellor was charged to deliver were much diversified in their form, yet, somehow or other, they all conveyed the same intent. Whether directing the preservation of peace or preparing for the prosecution of a war, whether announcing a royal birth or a royal death, the knighthood of the king's son or the marriage of the king's daughter, the mandates of our ancient kings invariably conclude with a request or a demand for money's worth or money.

6. The present instance offered no exception to the general rule. King Edward, greeting his loving subjects, expatiated upon the miseries which the realm was likely to sustain by the invasion of the wicked, barbarous, and perfidious Scots. Church and state, he alleged, were in equal danger, and "inasmuch as that which concerneth all ought to be determined by the advice of all concerned, we have determined," continued the writ, "to hold our Parliament at Westminster in eight days from the feast of St. Hilary." The effect of the announcement was magical. Parliament! Even before the second syllable of the word had been uttered, visions of aids and subsidies rose before the appalled multitude, grim shadows of assessors and collectors floated in the ambient air.

7. Sir Gilbert Hastings instinctively plucked his purse out of his sleeve; drawing the strings together, he twisted, and tied them in the course of half a minute of nervous agitation into a Gordian knot, which apparently defied any attempt to undo it, except by means practised by the son of Ammon. The Abbot of Oseney forthwith guided his steed to the right about, and rode away from the meeting as fast as his horse could trot, turning the deafest of all deaf ears to the monitions which he received to stay.

8. The sheriff and the other functionaries alone preserved a tranquil but not a cheerful gravity, as Sir Giles commanded his clerk to read the whole of the writ, by which he was commanded "to cause two knights to be elected for the shire; and from every city within his bailiwick two citizens; and from every borough two burgesses—all of them of the more discreet and wiser sort; and to cause them to come before the king in this Parliament at the before-mentioned day and place, with full powers from their respective communities to perform and consent to such matters as by common counsel shall then and there be ordained; and this you will in no wise omit, as you will answer at your peril."

9. A momentary pause ensued. The main body of the suitors retreated from the high-sheriff, as though he had been a center of repulsion. After a short but vehement conversation among themselves, one of the bettermost sort of yeomen, a gentleman farmer, if we may use the modern term, stepped forward and addressed Sir Giles: "Your worship well knows that we, your commons, are not bound to proceed to the election. You have no right to call upon us to interfere. So many of the earls and barons of the shire, the great men, who ought to take the main trouble, burthen, and business of the choice of the knights upon themselves, are absent now in the king's service, that we neither can nor dare proceed to nominate those who are to represent the county. Such slender folks as we have no concern in these weighty matters. How can we tell who are best qualified to serve?"

10. "What of that, John Trafford?" said the sheriff. "Do you think that his Grace will allow his affairs to be delayed by excuses such as these? You suitors of the shire are as much bound and obliged to concur in the choice of the county members as any baron of the

realm. Do your duty ; I command you in the king's name!"

11. John Trafford had no help. Like a wise debater, he yielded to the pinch of the argument without confessing that he felt it ; and, having muttered a few words to the sheriff, which might be considered as an assent, a long conference took place between him and some of his brother stewards, as well as with other suitors. During this confabulation several nods and winks of intelligence passed between Trafford and a well-mounted knight ; and while the former appeared to be settling the business with the suitors, the latter, who had been close to Sir Giles, continued gradually backing and sidling away through the groups of shiresmen, and, just as he had got clear out of the ring, John Trafford declared, in a most sonorous voice, that the suitors had chosen Sir Richard de Pogeyes as one of their representatives.

12. The sheriff, who, keeping his eye fixed upon Sir Richard as he receded, had evidently suspected some manœuvre, instantly ordered his bailiffs to secure the body of the member. "And," continued he with much vehemence, "Sir Richard must be forthwith committed to custody, unless he gives good bail—two substantial freeholders—that he will duly attend in his place among the commons on the first day of the session, according to the law and usage of Parliament."

13. All this, however, was more easily said than done. Before the verbal precept had proceeded from the lips of the sheriff, Sir Richard was galloping away at full speed across the fields. Off dashed the bailiffs after the member, amid the shouts of the surrounding crowd, who forgot all their grievances in the stimulus of the chase, which they contemplated with the perfect certainty of receiving some satisfaction by its termination ; whether by the es-

cape of the fugitive, in which case their common enemy, the sheriff, would be liable to a heavy amercement;* or by the capture of the knight, a result which would give them almost equal delight, by imposing a disagreeable and irksome duty upon an individual who was universally disliked, in consequence of his overbearing harshness and domestic tyranny.

14. One of the two above-mentioned gratifications might be considered as certain. But, besides these, there was a third contingent amusement, by no means to be overlooked, namely, the chance that in the contest those respectable and intelligent functionaries, the sheriff's bailiffs, might somehow or another come to some kind of harm. In this charitable expectation the good men of the shire were not entirely disappointed. Bounding along the open fields, while the welkin resounded with the cheers of the spectators, the fleet courser of Sir Richard slithered on the grass, then stumbled and fell down the sloping side of one of the many ancient British intrenchments by which the plain was crossed, and, horse and rider rolling over, the latter was deposited quite at the bottom of the foss, unhurt, but much discomposed.

15. Horse and rider were immediately on their respective legs again: the horse shook himself, snorted, and was quite ready to start; but Sir Richard had to regard his sword, and before he could remount, the bailiffs were close at him. Dick-o'-the-Gyves attempted to trip him up, John Catchpole seized him by the collar of his pour-point.† A scuffle ensued, during which the nags of the bailiffs slyly took the opportunity of emancipating themselves from control. Distinctly seen from the moot-hill, the strife began and ended in a moment; in what manner it had ended was declared without any further explana-

* Fine.

† Overcoat, or doublet.

tion, when the officers rejoined the assembly, by Dick's limping gait and the closed eye of his companion.

16. In the mean time Sir Richard had wholly disappeared, and the special return made by the sheriff to the writ, which I translate from the original, will best elucidate the bearing of the transaction :

“Sir Richard de Pogeys, knight, duly elected by the shire, refused to find bail for his appearance in Parliament at the day and place within mentioned, and having grievously assaulted my bailiffs in contempt of the king, his crown, and dignity, and absconded to the Chiltern Hundreds*, into which liberty, not being shire-land or guildable, I can not enter, I am unable to make any other execution of the writ as far as he is concerned.”

17. At the present day a nominal stewardship connected with the Chiltern Hundreds, called an office of profit under the crown, enables the member, by a species of juggle, to resign his seat. But it is not generally known that this ancient domain, which now affords the means of retreating out of the House of Commons, was in the fourteenth century employed as a sanctuary in which the knight of the shire took refuge in order to avoid being dragged into Parliament against his will. Being a distinct jurisdiction, in which the sheriff had no control, and where he could not capture the county member, it enabled the recusant to baffle the process, at least until the short session had closed.

Palgrave.

* The district of the Chilterns, or line of chalk-hills to the east of Buckinghamshire.

XLV.—THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

1. FROISSART was a brilliant historian of the middle ages. His writings are in quaint old French. At the request of Henry VIII of England, a translation of his "Battle of Cressy" was made into the English of that day. We insert this as a most lively description of the battle itself, and as a specimen of old literature in which pupils can not fail to take great interest :

2. Thenglysshmen who were in three batayls, lyeing on the grounde to rest them, assone as they saw the frenchmen approche, they rose upon their fete, fayre and easily, without any haste, and arranged their batayls: the first, which was the prince's batell, the archers then strode in the manner of a harrow, and the men at armes in the botome of the batayle.

3. Therle of Northāpton and therle of Arundell, with the second batell, were on a wyng in good order, redy to comfort the princes batayle, if nede were. The lordes and knyghtes of France, cāe not to the assemble togyder in good order, for some came before, and some cāe after, in such haste and yvell order, y^t one of thē dyd trouble another: when the french kyng sawe the englysshmen, his blode chaunged, and sayde to his marshals, make the genowayes go on before, and begynne the batayle in the name of god and saynt Denyse; ther were of the genowayse crosbowes, about a fiftene thousand, but they were so wery of goyng a fote that day, a six leages, armed with their crosbowes, that they sayde to their constables, we be not well ordered to fyght this day, for we be not in the case to do any great dede of armes, we have more nede of rest. These wordes came to the erle of Alanson, who sayd, a man is well at ease to be charged w^t suche a sorte of rascalles, to be faynt and fayle now at

moost nede. Also the same season there fell a great rayne, and a clype, with a terryble thunder, and before the rayne, ther came fleying over both batayls, a great nombre of crowes, for feare of the tempest comynge.

4. Than anone the eyre beganne to wax clere, and the sonne to shyne fayre and bright, the which was right in the frenchmens eyen and on thenglysshmens backes. Whan the genowayes were assembled to-guyder, and began to aproche, they made a great leape and crye, to abasshe thenglysshmen, but they stode styl, and styredde not for all that ; thāns the genowayes agayne the seconde tyme made another leape, and a fell crye, and stepped forward a lytell, and thenglysshmen remeued not one fote ; thirdly agayne they leapt and cryed, and went forthe tyll they come within shotte ; thane they shotte feersly with their crosbowes ; thun thenglysshe archers stept forthe one pase, and lette fly their arowes so hotly, and so thycke, that it semed snowe ; when the genowayes felte the arowes persyng through heeds, armes, and brestes, many of them cast downe their crosbowes, and dyde cutte their strynges, and retourned dysconfited.

5. Whun the frenche kynge sawe them flye away, he sayd, slee these rascalles, for they shall lette and trouble us without reason : then ye shulde have sene the men of armes dasshe in among them, and kylled a great nombre of them ; and ever styl the englysshmen shot where as they sawe thykest preace ; the sharpe arowes ranne into the men of armes, and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, amōge the genowayes ; and when they were downe, they coude not relyve agayne, the preace was so thycke, that one overthrewe another. And also amōge the englysshmen there were certayne rascalles that went a fote, with great knyves, and they went in among the men of armes, and slewe and murdredde many

as they lay on the grounde, both erles, baronnes, knyghtes and squyers, whereof the kynge of Englande was after dyspleased, for he had rather they had bene taken prisoners.

6. The valyant kynge of Behaygne, called Charles of Luzenbomge, sonne to the noble emperour Henry of Luzenbomge, for all that he was nyghe blynde, whun he understande the order of the batayle, he sayde to them about hym, where is the lorde Charles my son? his men sayde, sir, we can not tell, we thynke he be fyghtynge; thun he sayde, sirs, ye ar my men, my companyons, and frendes in this journey. I requyre you bring me so farre forwarde, that I may stryke one stroke with my swerde; they sayde they wolde do his commandement, and to the intent that they shulde not lese him in the prease, they tyed all their raynes of their bridelles eche to other, and sette the kynge before to accomplaysshe his desyre, and so thei went on their ennemyes; the lorde Charles of Behaygne, his sonne, who wrote hymselfe kynge of Behaygne, and bare the armes, he came in good order to the batayle, but whāne he sawe that the matter went awrie on their partie, he departed, I can not tell you whiche waye, the kynge his father was so farre forwarde that he strake a stroke with his swerde, ye and mo thun foure, and fought valyuntly, and so dyde his compuny, and they advētured themselfe so forwarde, that they were ther all slayne, and the next day they were founde in the place about the kynge, and all their horses tyed eche to other.

7. The erle of Alansone came to the batayle right ordy notlye, and fought with thenglysshmen; and the erle of Flaunders also on his parte; these two lordes with their cōpanyes wosted the englyssh archers, and came to the princes batayle, and there fought valyantly longe. The frenche kynge wolde fayne have come thyder whanne he

saw their baners, but there was a great hedge of archers before hym. The same day the frenche kynge hadde gyven a great blacke courser to Sir John of Heynault, and he made the lorde Johan of Fussells to ryde on hym, and to bere his banerre; the same horse tooke the bridell in the tethe, and brought hym through all the currours of thē 'glysshmen, and as he wolde have retourned agayne, he fell in a great dyke, and was sore hurt, and had been ther deed, and his page had not ben, who followed him through all the batayls, and sawe where his maister lay in the dyke, and had none other lette but for his horse, for thenglysshmen wolde not yssue out of their batayle, for takyng of any prisiner; thāne the page alyghted and relyved his maister, thun he went not backe agayn y^e same way that they came, there was to many in his way.

8. This batyle bytwēne Broy and Cressy, this Saturday was right cruell and fell, and many afeat of armes done, that came not to my knowledge; in the night, dyverse knyghtes and sqyvers lost their maisters, and somtyme came on thenglysshmen, who receyved them in such wyse, that they were ever nigher slayne; for there was none taken to mercy nor to raunsome, for so thenglysshmen were determyned: in the mornyng the day of the batayle, certayne frenchmen and almaygnes perforce opyned the archers of the princes batayle, and came and fought with the men of armes hande to hande: than the seconde batayle of thenglysshmen came to sucour the princes batayle, the whiche was tyme, for they had as thān moche ado; and they with y^e prince sent a messenger to the kynge, who was on a lytell wyndmyll hyll; thun the knyght sayd to the kyng, sir, therle of Warwyke, and therle of Cāfort, Sir Reynolde Cobham, and other, suche as be about the prince your sonne, as feersly fought with all, and ar sore handled, wherfore they desyre you, that you and your ba-

tayle wolle come and ayde them, for if the frenchmen encrease, as they dout they woll, your sonne and they shall have much ado.

9. Thun the kynge sayde, is my sonne deed or hurt, or on the yerthe felled? no sir, quoth the knyght, but he is hardely matched, wherefore he hath nede of your ayde. Well, sayde the king, returne to him, and to thrm that sent you hyther, and say to them, that they sende no more to me for an adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alyve, and also say to thē, that they suffre hym this day to wynne his spurres, for if god he pleased, I woll this journey be his, and the honoure therof, and to them that be aboute him. Thun the knyght returned agayn to thē, and shewed the kynges wordes, the which gretly encouraged them, and repoyned in that they had sende to the kynge as they dyd. Sir Godfray of Harecourt, wolde gladly that the erle of Harcourt, his brother, myghte have been saved, for he hurd say by thē that he sawe his baner, howe that he was ther in the felde on the french partie, but Sir Godfray coude not come to hym betymes for he was slayne or he coude cōē at hym, and so also was therle of Almare, his nephue.

10. In another place the erle of Aleuson, and therle of Flaunders, fought valyantly, every lorde under his owne banere; but finally they coude not resyst agaynt the payssance of thenglysshmen, and so ther they were also slayne, and dyvers knyghtes and sqyers, also therle of Lewes of Bloyes, nephue to the frenche kyng, and the duke of Lorayne, fought under their baners, but at last they were closed in among a cōpany of englysshmen and welshmen, and were there slayed, for all their powers. Also there was slayne the erle of Ausser, therle of Saynt Poule, and many others.

11. In the evenyng, the frenche kyng, who had lefte

about hym no more than a threscore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Heynalt was one, who had remounted ones the kynge, for his horse was slayne with an arowe, thā sayde to the kynge, sir, departe hense, for it is tyme, lese not yourselfe wylfully, if ye have losse at this tyme, ye shall recover it agaynt another season, and soo he took the kynge's horse by the brydell, and ledde hym away in a maner perforce ; than the kyng rode tyll he came to the castell of Broy. The gate was closed, because it was by that tyme darke ; than the kynge called the captayne, who came to the walles, and sayd, Who is that calleth there this tyme of night ? than the kynge sayde, open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of Fraunce ; the captayne knewe than it was the kyng, and opyned the gate, and let downe the bridge ; than the kyng entred, and he had with hym but fyve baronnes, Sir Johan of Heynault, Sir Charles of Monmorency, the lorde of Beaureive, the lorde Dobegny, and the lorde of Mountfort ; the kynge wolde not tary there, but drāke and departed thense about mydnyght, and so rode by suche guydes as knewe the country, tyll he came in the mornynge to Anyeuse, and then he rested. This saturday the englysshmen never departed for their batayls for chasyng of any man, but kept styll their felde, and ever defended themselfe agaynst all such as came to assayle them ; the batayle ended about evynsonge tyme.

XLVI.—THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

1. FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But, putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.
2. And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
March'd toward Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stop'd the way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.
3. Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.
4. And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they be one to ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet, have we well begun,

Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

5. And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,

Nor more esteem me.

Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain

Loss to redeem me.

6. Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,

No less our skill is,

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lop'd the French lilies.

7. The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led ;
With the main Henry sped

Amongst his henchmen.

Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

8. They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;

That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

9. Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.
10. With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And, like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.
11. When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew ;
Not one was tardy.
Arms from their shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.
12. This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;

And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

13. Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous English stood,
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

14. Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby;
 Bore them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

15. Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton.

THE END.

